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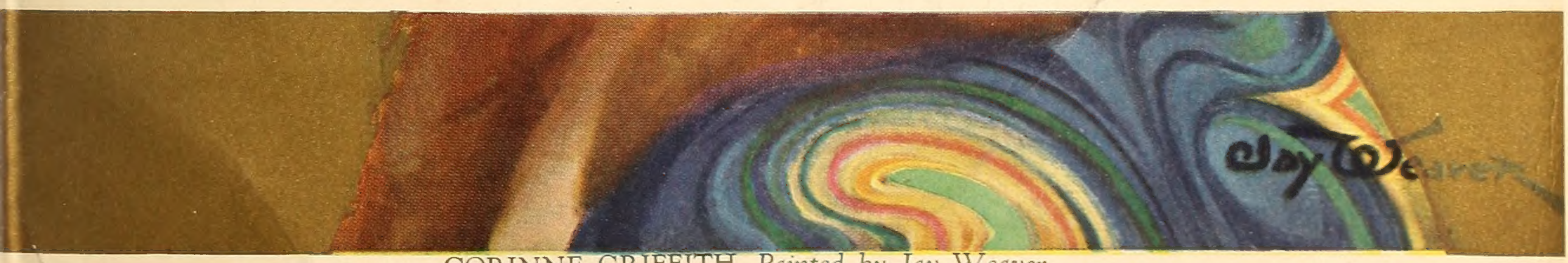

CORINNE GRIFFITH, *Painted by Jay Weaver*

CORINNE GRIFFITH'S *Bracelet*

Free
Page 34

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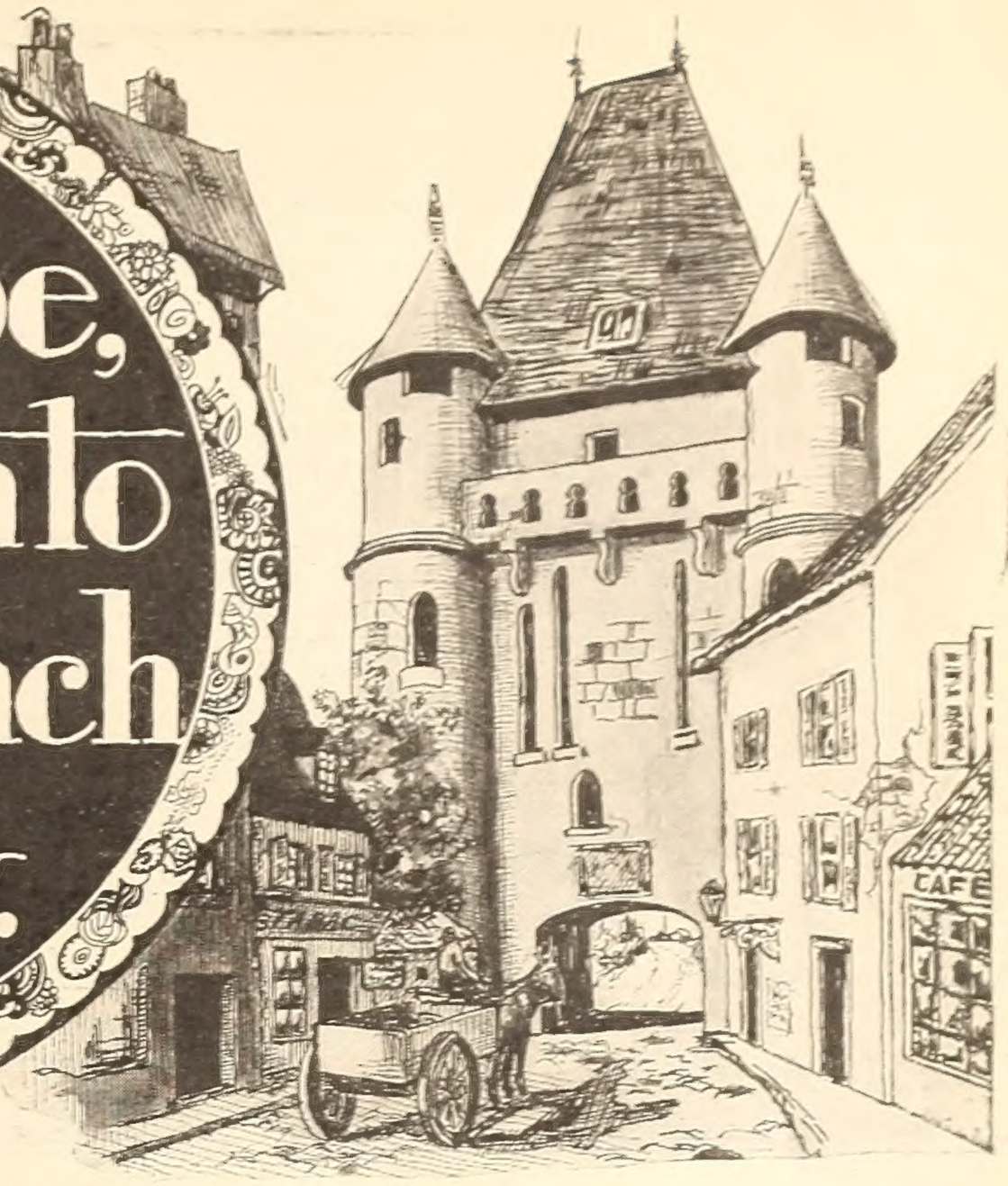

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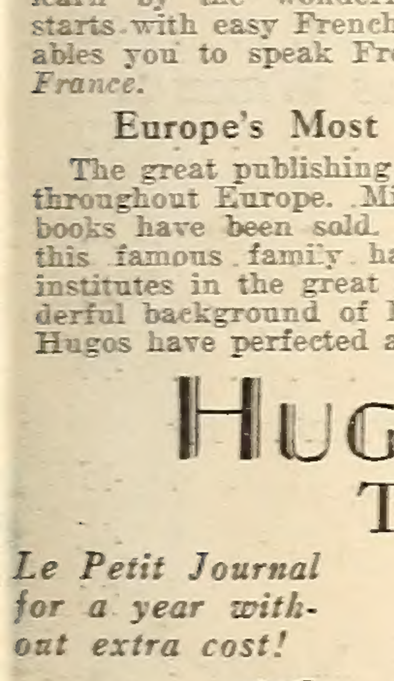

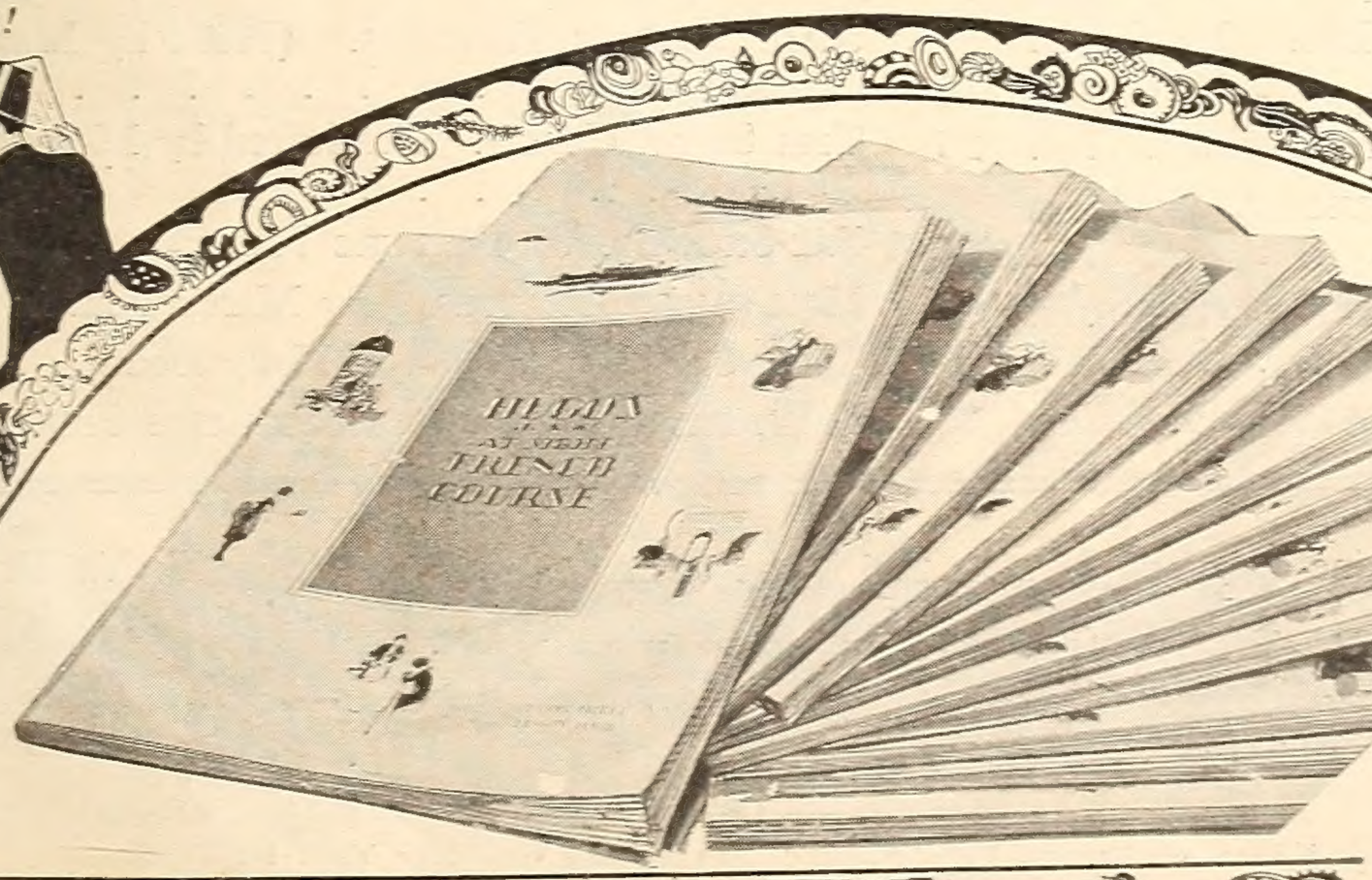

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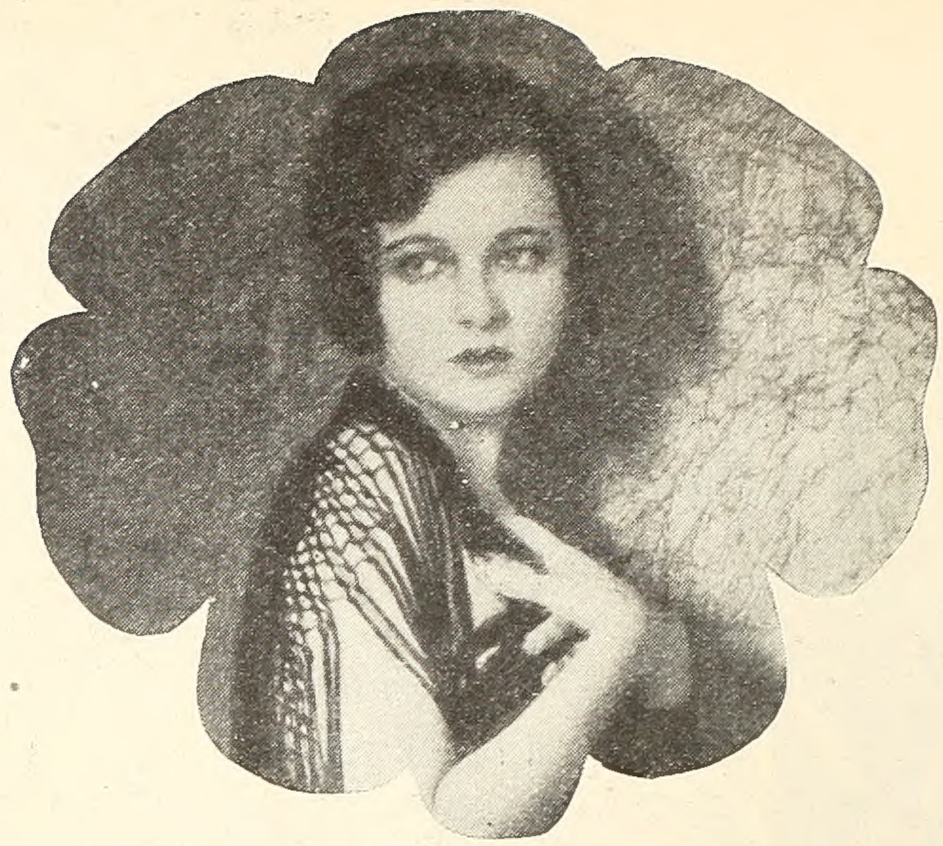

Corinne Griffith who recently finished E. M. Asher's "Mlle. Modiste" for First National Pictures. This is the film version of Fritz Scheff's famous stage success — an operetta by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert.

SCREENLAND

June, 1926 *"The Spirit of the Movies"* VOL. XIII, No. 2

Eliot Keen, *Editor*

CONTENTS *for* JUNE

COVER—*Corinne Griffith*. Painted by Jay Weaver.

ASK ME—*An Answer Page of Information*. By Miss Vee Dee 4

SCREEN NEWS FROM BROADWAY 6

BOOKS FOR FANS — *"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"* 8

THINGS TO TALK ABOUT 10

ALYCE MILLS — *A Portrait* 14

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL "STILL" OF THE MONTH 16

SCREENLAND'S HONOR PAGE 17

A PLEA FOR IMAGINATION 18

THE CLEVEREST TITLES OF THE MONTH . . . 19

HAROLD LLOYD IN "FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE" . . . 20

"I'VE MET THEM ALL—WHEW!" By Delight Evans 22

ON LOCATION WITH RICHARD DIX. By Gayne Dexter 24

THE VOLGA BOATMAN. By Doris Denbo . . . 26

"NO THANK YOU" SAID BILL RUSSELL. By Dave Epstein 28

IN HOLLYWOOD THEY'RE SO DARNED ATHLETIC. By James Tankersley 30

CAN UNCULTURED PEOPLE REALLY LOVE . . . 32

CORINNE GRIFFITH GIVES HER BRACELET (Prize Offer) 34

OH THAT COSTUME PARTY AT THE 60 CLUB. By Grace Kingsley 36

THE SAVAGE. By Vina Delmar 38

PAULINE STARKE HAS THE BEAUTY OF WHICH THE OLD MASTERS DREAMED 40

PAULINE STARKE — *A Portrait* 41

ALICE TERRY — *A Portrait* 42

LEATRICE JOY — *A Portrait* 43

CLAIRE WINDSOR — *A Portrait* 44

CLAIRE WINDSOR'S "HAPPY EVER AFTER". By Marion Brooks Ritchie 45

DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS 46

BILL COLLINGS' REVIEW 54

SOME SUMMER FASHIONS. (Posed by Margaret Livingston) 56

THE STAGE COACH. Conducted by Morrie Ryskind 58

PRE-SHOWING OF FEATURE FILMS 60

HOLLYWOOD CHATTER. By Martin Martin . . 68

THEY SAY. By Marion of Hollywood 72

WINNERS OF THE GIFTS FROM THE STARS . . 76

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"It's the Old Army Game"

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Pola Negri
in
"The Crown of Lies"

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An Answer Page of Information.
Address: Miss VEE DEE,
SCREENLAND, 236 W.
55th Street,
New York City

Ask Me

¶*Harry Langdon keeps up his Charleston practice between scenes of* "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Richard Lewis. Glad you enjoyed my personal letter, Dick, but the photograph hasn't been taken yet, so I can't let you have what I haven't got—now can I?

Grace Brown. When letters like yours come along, I just take a new grasp on things and feel "what a peach of a job I've got". Thanks many times for the appreciation. Agnes Ayres is married to S. Manuel Reachi, a diplomat at Los Angeles. Probably Vilma Banky will play opposite Rudolph again, but nothing definite has been decided yet.

Olga M. So you're jealous of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Whatever for? He isn't engaged or married to date. Haven't the home addresses of the stars you mention; wouldn't their studio addresses do?

Emma F. Usually it's the fond mamma with a precocious child who tries to get free publicity. For instance, one woman writes me about once a month and a sister or aunt or something writes me from England, all mentioning their darling and asking me to "give some information in my column about little so-and-so." I've a nose like a Sherlock Holmes for these free-publicity hounds. But it's all in the day's work, Emma, so why worry!

Mary Suzzi, Mary Spain, Valerie, Mildred Pickup and E. Mullen. Here are the addresses asked for. Ben Lyons, Corinne Griffith, Viola Dana, Lloyd Hughes, and Mary Astor are with First National, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Clara Bow, Esther Ralston, Laurence Gray, William Collier, Jr., Mary Brian and Neil Hamilton with Famous-Players Lasky, Vine Street, Hollywood. Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry, Claire Windsor, Pauline Starke, Sally O'Neil and Lon Chaney, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. Alberta Vaughn with F. B. O. Studios, Melrose and Gower Streets, Hollywood. Gertrude Olmstead and Doris Kenyon, First National Pictures, 807 - 175th Street East, N. Y. C. Lillian Rich and William Boyd, Cecil de Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Alice Calhoun, John Roche and Dolores Costello, Warner Bros. Studios, Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Gloria Swanson, care of Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, Long Island, N. Y. Priscilla Dean, Metropolitan Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. The others you ask for are free-lancing, and I haven't their addresses.

Marie J. Sorry, Marie, but I haven't any information regarding schools for acting, and I understand the Paramount school has its full quota of pupils, for the time being.

Joe S. (Chicago). See answer to Marie J. Mary Brian and Betty Bronson are with Paramount—Mary at the Hollywood studios, and Betty at present in the east at their Astoria Studios, Long Island, N. Y. Mary Pickford was born, April, 1893, and Douglas Fairbanks is ten years older. Buck Jones has a "Mrs. Buck" who was formerly Odille Osborne, a circus rider. Buck is with Fox Studios, Western Ave., Hollywood.

Ricardo Cortez Admirer. Ricardo was born in Alsace-Lorraine, but I can't tell you if he is of Spanish parentage. Alright, I'll remember you want a full page of the dark Ricardo in a future SCREENLAND.

A Lover of the Screen. Allene Ray and Walter Miller, who were in "*The Green Archer*", made this picture under the Pathe Banner. Address them care of Pathe, 35 W. 45th Street, N. Y. C.

Doc Martinez. Robert Frazier is married. His address is 1905 Wilcox Ave., Los Angeles. William Collier, Jr., is with Famous Players-Lasky, Vine Street, Hollywood.

The Charles de Roche Club of Friends, with an enrolled membership of over 900, wants fans to know it has a home at 724 East Main Street, Enid, Oklahoma. Its secretary, Annie Laurie Buttrey, says they have a membership extending all over the world and their pamphlet announces that the club members speak English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Chinese, Japanese, so now you fans try out your linguistic accomplishments on this energetic club.

B. T. Who told you Yakima Canutt had left pictures? Why, he's just beginning to sit up and take notice. He's a world famous horseman and you'll see him in "The Devil Horse" with Rex his mount. Born Whitman County, Wash., 1896; Yakima, not the horse!

Helen Reeder. Good news, Helen—Ben Lyon isn't married, and somehow that lad carries around a look as if he doesn't intend to marry for some time yet.

W.H. Brice. Don't hurry me old chap, I just hate to rush! Address Cecil de Mille care of his studios, Culver City, Cal.

Friend from Dayton. Glad you like us! I agree, Viola Dana is a splendid little trouper, but it would be hard on the other players if we all liked the same ones, wouldn't it? Watch out for Viola in "Wild Oats Lane." he is still working and her address, for the time being, is Marshall Neilan Studios, 1845 Glendale Blvd., Hollywood. Hope the wrist is better and that the best girl wasn't mad because you wrote me first.

Jerry Connors Sally O'Neill was born in New Jersey, of Irish parents. Her real name is Chootsie Nolan. She is absolutely NOT related to Pola Negri, so you win the bet!

S. Kimmel. Yes I know what R. S. V. P. means—my French is about limited to that, so don't "spring" anything further on me, will you? Alice Calhoun care of Warner Bros., unset Blvd., Hollywood.

Walter Van U. Doris Kenyon is 5.6, weight 125. Carol Dempster 5.5, about 118. Priscilla Dean 5.4, weight 125. Irene Rich 5.6, weight 138. Alma Rubens 5.7, weight 130. Florence Vidor 5.4, weight 120. Claire Windsor 5.7, weight 140. Mary Astor 5.5, weight 116. Patsy Ruth Miller 5.4, weight 120. Anita Stewart 5.7, weight 122. May McAvoy 4.11, weight 94. Eleanor Boardman 5.6, Norma Shearer 5.3, weight 109. Marie Prevost 5.4, weighs 123. Marion Nixon 5.2, weighs 100. Dolores Costello about 5.4, weighs 118.

C. Berry. Madge Bellamy and George O'Brien in "Iron Horse." Mary Astor plays opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Don Q", Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in "Graustark."

Clara Odell. Address Harrison Ford at the United Studios, Hollywood. Ben Lyon born February 1901. Harrison Ford is 34. Rudolph Valentino 29 and John Gilbert 30.

Grace—Elizabeth B. (Mass.): Of course I'll tell you about Ramon Novarro. He isn't married, nor does he seem to be worrying about it. Address him care of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, Culver City, Cal. May McAvoy who is still single, can be reached care of First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York.

F. A. N. Rudolph Valentino is now single again — married twice, you know. Valentino is 29 and he hails from Italy. Tom Meighan is very happily married to Frances Ring and he was born in 1880. Richard Barthelmess is married to Mary Hay and he was born May 9th, 1897. Bebe Daniels is single and saw the light of day on January 14th, 1901. Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck. Norma was born 1897. Ricardo Cortez hails from Alsace-Lorraine.

Raquel M. W. Write Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, 1540 Broadway, New York and I'm quite sure they'll give the information you require regarding "Ben-Hur." Yes, you'll get a photo from Ramon Novarro if you send twenty-five cents to cover postage. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer studios, Culver City, Cal. Thanks for nice remarks regarding my department, and you'll probably get your wish—the editor is going to give me more space from now on!

Listen Fans. Mabel Hall writes that an Esther Ralston Fan Club with Esther as honorary president has been formed. All Esther's admirers are invited to join. It sounds like an interesting club and if you want further particulars just write Miss Mabel Hall, 1250 So. Normal Ave., Chico, California for particulars.

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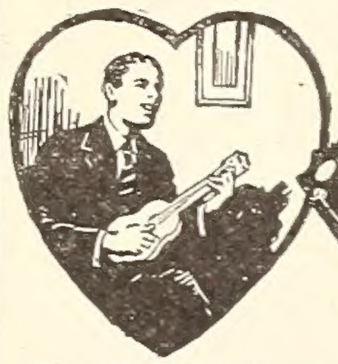

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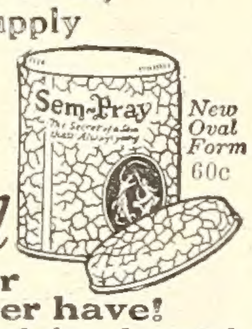

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SCREEN NEWS *from* Broadway

¶ *Adolphe Menjou as "The Social Celebrity" with his crown of office.*

IT was just like Harold Lloyd to time his last visit to "the metropolis" so he would be called back to the coast before "*Heaven's Sake*" opened on Broadway. Harold, the million-dollar kid, is still shy. He's one star who has never changed. The only thing we have ever known him to be puffed up about is his family. Pictures of Middie and little Mildred Gloria were scattered profusely about his hotel suite; and he showed them to visitors with blushing pride. We have it on good authority that he wired his wife every day, and sometimes several times; and called her every night on the phone. She couldn't come east because she expects every day to be called to work by Famous Players, just as soon as a suitable part can be found for her. Harold insists that she defer her return to the screen until she can come back in a really good picture and a worthy part. He's as solicitous about her career as he is about his own—probably more. Too bad he didn't stay to see the crowds standing in line to see his latest. But it would have made him feel terrible to be causing all that trouble, so it's just as well he went home!

* * *

"GENTLEMEN Prefer Blondes"! It did look that way when Laura La Plante was in town. It was lovely Laura's very first visit to Manhattan, and she was as thrilled as a kid. That's all she is, anyway—just a sweet, unspoiled, enthusiastic child, in spite of her salary and her film following. Universal gave her the trip to New York for being such a good girl on the lot and making such good pictures. One of the first things Laura did was to see "*Sunny*", the musical comedy with Marilynn Miller; because her company is trying to get the screen rights for her. She would make a delightful "*Sunny*". The name suits her. She wants to do comedy, and isn't ashamed to admit that she got her start as a Hal Roach comedienne in two-reelers. "*The Teaser*", in which she had an opportunity to do comedy, was just about her favorite picture; and she asks nothing better of Universal than to give her bright, rollicking rôles. A level head, her pretty gold one! In spite of shopping, and theatres, and luncheons and dinners and supper-clubs, she had to admit she was just a little homesick for the folks back in California.

LAURA was the first motion picture star t arrive in New York with an officia chaperone. Sometimes the girls brin their mothers with them; but this is the firs time an actress had ever appeared arme with a real, live guardian. It might hav let her in for a lot of kidding from th low-brows if the chaperone hadn't happene to be the popular Hedda Hopper. There' no woman in pictures any more sought-afte than Hedda. She's beautiful, dangerousl well-dressed, and she has a sparkling wi which has been the life of many film parties She has been away for three years, becaus Hollywood has been so good to her, wha with good parts and such pals as Mario Davies and Norma Talmadge. She playe with Laura La Plante in "*The Teaser*", an after that Hedda took a sort of big-sisterl interest in Laura. Their trip east was series of ovations. It was Hedda who intro duced little La Plante to Anita Loos an John Emerson and who suggested that th little star was just the ideal type for th rôle of Lorelie Lee in Miss Loos' "*Gentle men Prefer Blondes*". The Emersons agree heartily, introduced Laura to Edgar Selwyn producer of the stage version of the popula book, and everything was all set for Laur to make her stage debut—when Universa decided she couldn't be spared from he screen duties long enough. Lucky for us—but a loss to the play.

Hedda Hopper, by the way, will remai in New York to play the leading feminin rôle in "*The Cherry Tree*", which will b George Jessel's first motion picture.

* * *

REX INGRAM will remain in Europe in definitely, according to Howard Strick land, a representative who returned t America for a short stay. The young direc tor of "*Mare Nostrum*" has a splendi studio at Nice, France; he is continually imbibing new ideas, and he believes he ca express himself more fully, in his own way in France than in Hollywood. He refuse to be dictated to as to what stories he shal film, and how. And this independent direc tor further declares that if he can't mak pictures his own way, he won't make them at all! His new one, now under way, "*Th Magician*", is from Somerset Maugham' story; and with the exception of Mrs. In gram—Alice Terry—it will have an all continental cast. The leading man is Iva

Petroff, a very handsome and able Russian who is a sensation in Europe. It is believed that "*Mare Nostrum*" is Ingram's pet picture to date. Certainly no other picture in years has caused more violent discussion. What do *you* think about it?

* * *

If you saw "*The Unguarded Hour*", with Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills, you will remember the handsome villain who "bites the dust" by falling out of the window. Charles Beyer played the part, and in filming the big scene, in which he had to fall, hard, to his screen death, Charles broke his neck. Work on the picture, not yet finished, was held up. The director was wringing his hands at the unfortunate accident, both for his villain's own sake and for the sake of the picture. That director was scouring about trying to find an actor who looked enough like Beyer to double for him in the remaining scenes, when word came from the injured actor that he would be all right in a little while, and that he'd be back on the lot in time to look sinister, broken neck or no broken neck. Sure enough—Beyer pulled through; and, with his neck in a plaster cast, appeared at the studio and went through with it. It was a very weak and trembling "menace" who was shot in the rest of the scenes, but you never guessed it from the picture, did you? That broken neck was a blessing in disguise, for picture people heard of Charlie's pluck, and now when they need an actor they can count on, they send for him. He has just finished two pictures for MacFadden, and other offers are coming his way.

* * *

Alyce Mills, the pretty blonde whom Screenland pointed out to you as a "comer" several months ago, is to have her big chance at last. Alyce, signed by Schulberg, was transferred to the Famous Players stock company when her Columbus stopped producing on his own account and joined Paramount. But there didn't seem to be any parts for Alyce for a long time; and she had a long, long vacation, on salary. Pretty soft? Not for an actor. Work is play in the studio; and every screen star worth his salt would rather report for "play" than stay at home, or go shopping. Miss Mills was positively pining away when word came for her to hurry east—that Richard Dix wanted her for his new picture. Now Alyce has the happy job—much coveted by the picture girls—of leading woman to one of the screen's jolliest stars. Richard is a joy to work with; his pictures are fun! And Richard was as glad to have Alyce join his company as she was to join it; and guess what he gave her as a sort of welcome present? The loveliest little gold lipstick and perfume bottle from Cartier's. Who wouldn't be happy?

* * *

Before Alma Rubens left for the coast to make more pictures, her company, Fox, gave a tea party for her. One of the important guests was George Jean Nathan, the critic. He once said in an article that Lillian Gish and Alma Rubens were the two leading artists of the cinema; and Alma wanted to express her appreciation. All the guests pounced on poor Mr. Nathan to ask him what he thought about Lillian's "*La Boheme*". He was once reported engaged to Miss Gish, you know. Well, the story goes that he fearlessly expressed the opinion that the Gish picture might have been better if the actors had acted a little more French and not so Anglo-Saxon. His hostess at once sprang to the rescue of her histrionic idol, declaring that Lillian was simply perfect. Plucky Alma!

The Paramount school children are enjoying a sort of recess right now. Perhaps "enjoying" is not just the word. Every one of them is wild to work, and can't wait until "the big chance" comes along. Charles "Buddy" Rogers, at first all set for the younger brother's rôle in Herbert Brenon's "*Beau Geste*", journeyed to California to begin work. While there, he attracted the attention of James Cruze, who asked to borrow him for a good part in "*Old Ironsides*". Then, at the last moment, Cruze decided Buddy was too tall, or something, and he was withdrawn from the cast. Josephine Dunn, the sparkling little blonde ingenue of the school, and Jack Luden, son of the "cough drop king", were sent to Florida to appear in small parts in the W. C. Fields picture. When Josephine returned, she was told to report on the D. W. Griffith set, for work in "Sorrows of Satan". Marion Ivy Harris and several others are also working in the Griffith film. They are all sitting tight until that opportunity comes.

* * *

At the midnight opening of "*The Flaming Frontier*" in New York, the guest of honor was none other than Brig. Gen. Edward S. Godfrey, U. S. A., retired. In case that doesn't mean anything to you, listen: he is the sole surviving participant in the famous Last Stand of Gen. Custer. Godfrey held the red-skins at bay for two days until General Terry arrived with relief troops. It was Gen. Godfrey who found Custer's body. At eighty-five, the General saw on the screen the record of the stirring massacre which made American history. What a thrill that must have been for him!

* * *

If you're an "old" movie fan, as we are, you'll remember the striking brunette, Margarita Fischer, who used to star for the old "American" company. Harry Pollard was an actor then. Now he is one of Universal's prize directors; and Miss Fischer, who is Mrs. Pollard in private life, has returned to the screen. She will have the rôle of Eliza in the special production of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*". The Pollards are a refreshing example of "old married people" whose domestic happiness has not wavered from the days of the two-reelers to the present time of "super specials".

* * *

A distinguished visitor from Hollywood was Rin-Tin-Tin, known as Rinty to his intimates. His owner, Mr. Duncan, brought him east to make personal appearances in conjunction with his new film, "*The Night Cry*" at Warner's Theatre. Rinty, a splendid police dog, was discovered by Duncan during the war, and has been trained by him since puppyhood. He's a big, fine dog now, and earns several thousand bones a week; but he is not in the least up-stage. He still condescends to "play dead" for the benefit of his admirers. Rin-Tin-Tin was the host to a tea party of the press, and went through all his repertoire of "tricks" obligingly. He's a great actor if there ever was one.

* * *

Marion Davies, after a long stay in California journeyed east about the same time Norma did. While she was here Marion admitted her salary is ten thousand a week and added that she always tried to keep her weekly expenses within a thousand, but couldn't always make it. When somebody said, "Poor girl," or something sarcastic like that, Marion replied that a screen star's career is always limited and that the thing to do is to cash in while you can. Miss Davies' salary not only supports herself, but a large family of nieces and other relatives.

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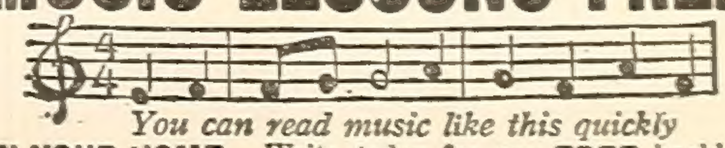

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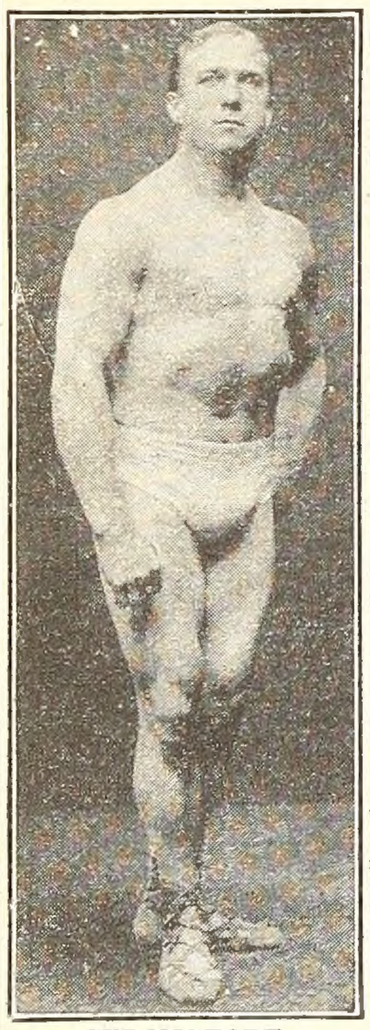

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Books for Fans

Anita Loos, whose "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is soon to be screened.

BECAUSE of Anita Loos, every motion-picture believer carries his chest a little farther out. Anita Loos, our own screen writer, has turned out "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and at the same time has upset some gentlemen of the superior literary cult. Her little book is a best seller, leaving the highbrows far behind and soon it will be a play and then screened.

Miss Loos herself says "it's so successful I'm scared of it." There's an English edition, also a translation into German, into French, even into Hungarian (part of the story takes place in Vienna).

What's it all about — oh yes, it's the best diary of a bad little girl ever written. It is screamingly funny.

Famous Players will make the picture, and there is much discussion about who will play the dizzy Blonde, Lorleili Lee, the heroine. This very original miss, thinks that "kissing your hand may make you feel very good, but a diamond bracelet lasts forever," and that Paris is "Devine" because you can see the Coty signs. She is so dumb she thinks Corn Flakes is a foot disease, but she gets away with trips to Europe, "slips a page into English histry" by dancing with the Prince of Wales, yearns for diamond tiaras and marries a triple millionaire of a "very very fine old family". She really is delightful and makes everybody happy and "after all, the greatest thing in life is always to be making everybody else happy".

Which is one of SCREENLAND'S reasons for suggesting Esther Ralston for the part of Lorleili Lee. She has the necessary "pep", golden hair, blue eyes, every inch of her five feet is dainty and exquisite.

Many clever actresses have been suggested for this part, which is bound to be one of the biggest successes. Laura La Plante for one, and Clara Bow also could qualify.

Still another charming possibility is Louise Brooks, formerly the spirit of the Follies, now playing in W. C. Fields "The Old Army Game".

Miss Loos herself is undecided and she is well experienced in the movie game. She began by writing movie scenarios when she was fourteen.

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with

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RIN-TIN-TIN

THE NIGHT CRY

starring Rin-Tin-Tin

The famous police dog star in the most amazing picture of its kind ever screened. It is a story of the sheep country with melodramatic thrills, suspense and romance interwoven. Every lover of dogs or pictures, young and old, will want to see this. Directed by Herman Raymaker.

THE MAN ON THE BOX

starring SYD CHAPLIN

Even the most blase of theatregoers burst into spasms of spontaneous merriment at the antics of Chaplin. In this picture Chaplin becomes a groom just to be near the girl he admires. The ensuing complications make a mirthful riot from start to finish. Directed by Chuck Reisner.

SYD CHAPLIN

WHY GIRLS GO BACK HOME

starring Patsy Ruth Miller

You'll never guess why they do go back home! The climax of this picture will be a complete shock to you. Here is a flippant, lively and diverting story of Broadway theatrical life. Filled with absorbing situations. Directed by James Flood.

PATSY RUTH MILLER

OH, WHAT A NURSE!

starring SYD CHAPLIN

Oh, what a picture! Syd Chaplin in this latest and best. Funnier, faster laughing thrills than you've ever seen. In the big city—out to sea—and back again. Sure, there is romance, but it is funny! Directed by Chuck Reisner.

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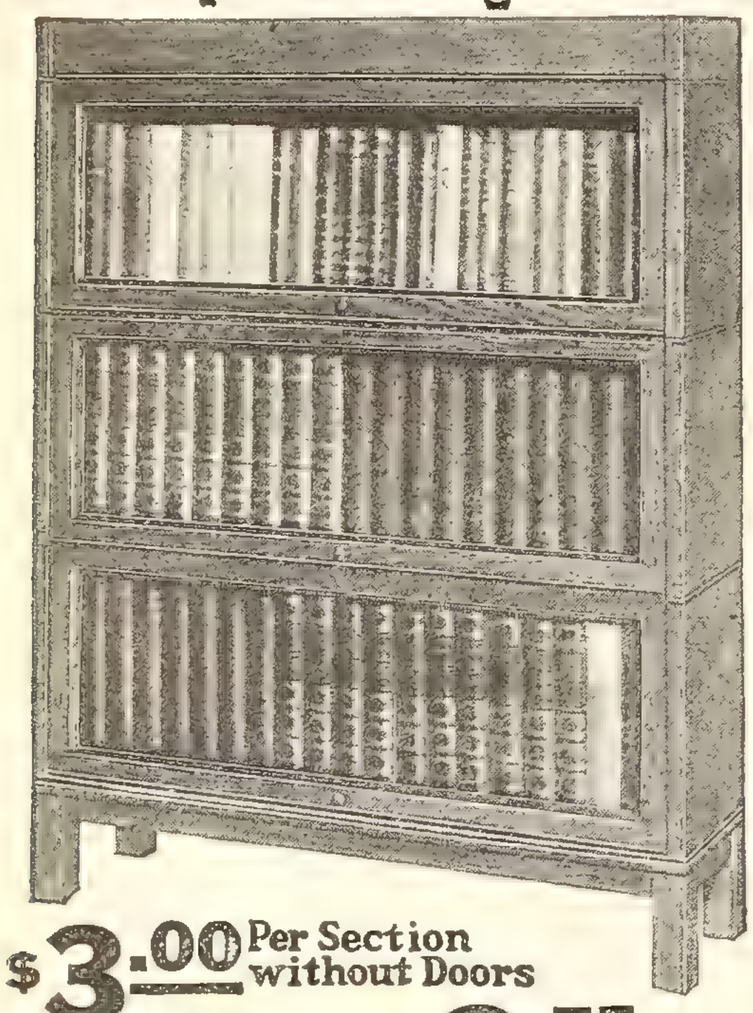

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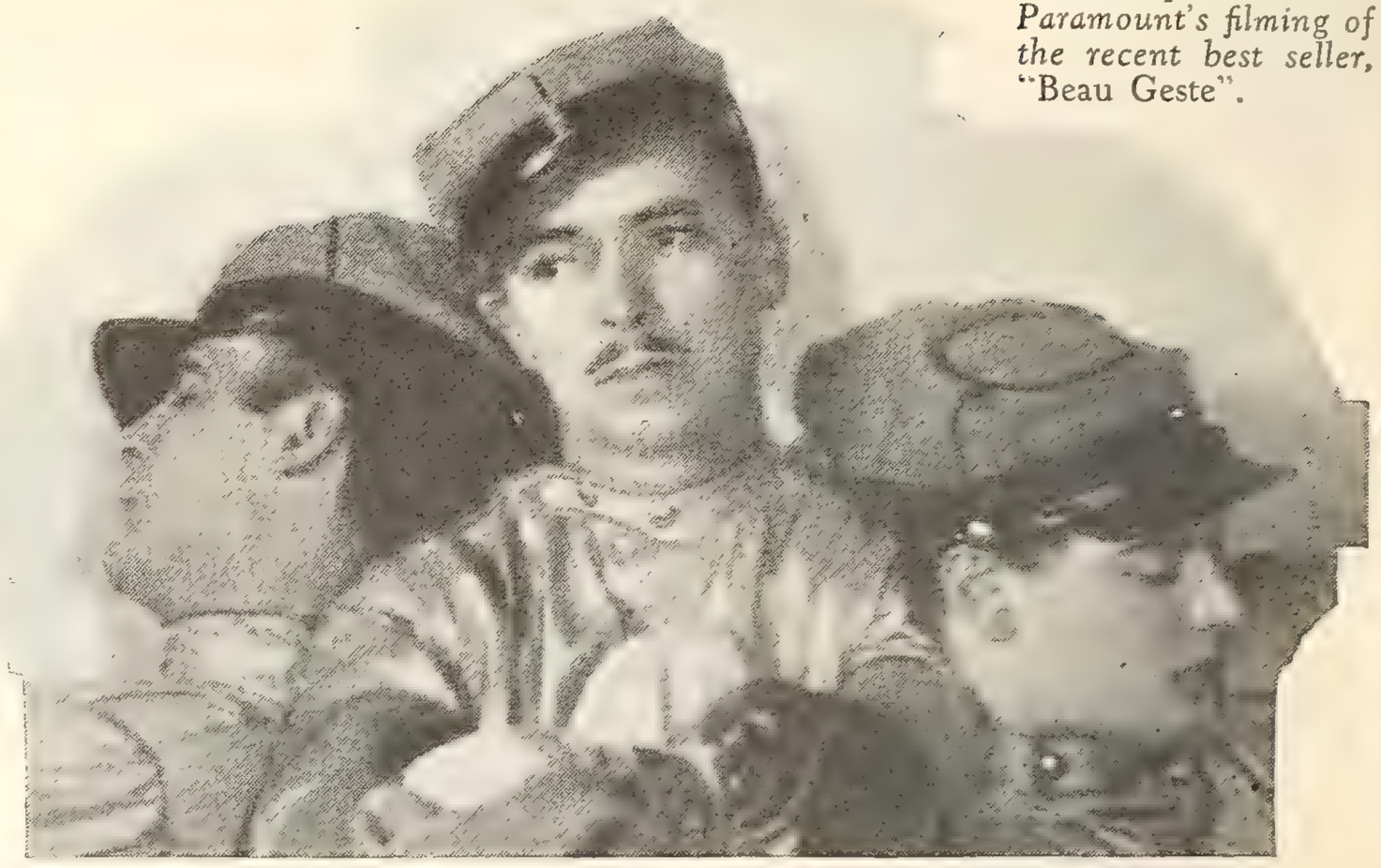

¶ *Brothers three—Neil Hamilton, Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes in Paramount's filming of the recent best seller,* "Beau Geste".

Things to Talk About

IN the rapid moving action of a film, no one in the audience, thank goodness, can feel the days of worry which, perhaps elapse between the making of the dilfferent scenes of a sequence.

Mr. Harry Pollard, directing Miss Marguerite Fischer in "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*", recently went through such an experience. The first scenes only were photographed when Mr. Pollard was taken ill. After weeks in the hospital, he returned and finished the action scenes. The screen will show you the thrilling, dramatic episode, but no one will know at which point the terrifying touch of diphtheria delayed the work of this brilliant director.

* * *

SOME one must do something about the introductory titles of pictures. Some producers give screen credit to altogether too many people and other producers neglect to mention the names of the players at all.

SCREENLAND feels that, all points being taken into consideration, the ideal method is to give the name of the character and the name of the player when the character first appears, whether in the first reel or later. What do you think about this?

* * *

SOME inventor will visit the fine performance of Doug Fairbanks' "*The Black Pirate*" and thrilling to the wonderful color effects, will, perhaps, solve the age-old problem of depth in pictures.

This color photography required extraordinarily sharp focus and because of this or perhaps because of the color, there is a depth and a stereoscopic feeling about this picture that we have never seen equalled in black and white.

* * *

SPEAKING about freak shots, the moving camera which travels with the player, as the player runs or turns, is entirely successful. Who will be the director who will dare to make a picture having the camera see always and continuously what the eyes of the character sees.

Suppose the hero starts on his adventures and from that moment on the world is viewed from his eyes and the hero never is seen. As he pleads with his love and kisses her, the camera would move to the position that his eyes would occupy.

Gee! That's a wild idea. Help yourselves, gentlemen!

* * *

THE life of every one truly runs in circles. Some days a girl knows that she looks her best and some days a man would hesitate to race with a mud turtle. And so it is with the big producing companies. This year, with the "*Big Parade*", "*The Merry Widow*", "*Ben Hur*" and "*Mare Nostrum*", Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have made Broadway a little alley of their own but what is that discordant hammering?

The Paramount building in Times Square is roaring upward. Their press agent announces work on "*The Sorrows of Satan*", "*Old Ironsides*", "*The Story of the Rough Riders*", "*Beau Geste*" and many others—not the least of which is Wallace Beery's "*Barnum*".

The goad of competition may not be the most comfortable companion, but so long as competition exists, the struggle for supremacy will give us better and better pictures.

* * *

THE complacence of certain stars with close-up after close-up, has brought a reaction to the freak shots once so popular. In the start of Harold Lloyd's film "*For Heaven's Sake*" Sam Taylor used much ingenuity, and that down the stairway shot of "*Kiki*" was worthy of "*The Last Laugh*".

A freak shot is more than just a different placing of the camera. A successful one carries forward the movement in a peculiar way illustrating the thoughts of the character and often making a commonplace situation charmingly fresh.

To those we never meet!

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"Away, away from
men and towns,
To the wild wood
and the downs—"
—*Shelley*

The most beautiful "still" of the month

from

"The Shamrock Handicap"

with

JANET GAYNOR

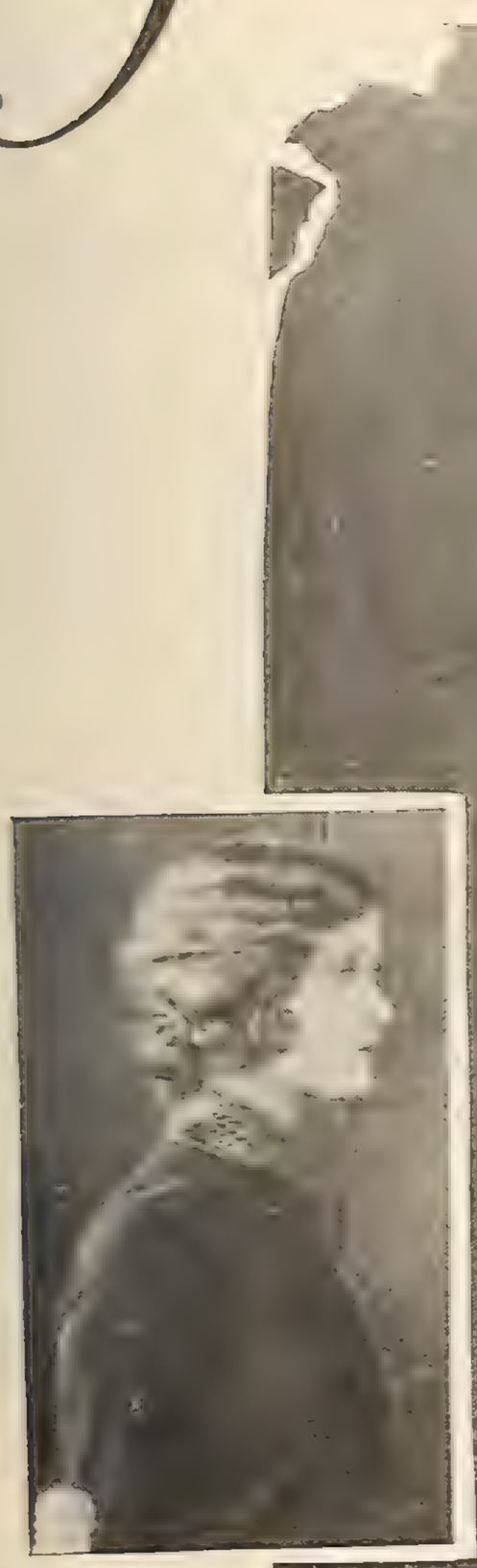
and

LESLIE FENTON

HONOR PAGE

SCREENLAND

June 1926



¶ *In the "Bride of the Storm" there is a high spot of dramatic grace where Dolores holds the hero's (John Harron) fingers to her lips.*

Dolores Costello

¶ *Again the electric lights of Broadway blaze her name over two theatres at the same time and yet only a few months ago she had never played a part. She has such good looks that she does not need to think about them. And so she gives herself freely to her emotions. Let them play upon her beauty as they will Dolores Costello is always lovely.*

John Barrymore and Sojin in "The Sea Beast"

A Plea for Imagination

BY THE EDITOR

THIS is a plea for the most important thing in your life. If you can *imagine* then you are a god. What your rivals will do in business will be clear to you, what machinery might do will appear in your visions and the pathway to happiness will be found by feet that wander in dreams.

In the picture above, from John Barrymore's film, the storm-wrecked ship carries on under the will which drives and drives and cannot wait. You sense the empty waters and the fire of this determination.

Now suppose that you read some misguided writer's account of the trick of this scene. Suppose it IS a hose that makes the storm — what if it *is* all make believe? To flatten this work of art down to commonplace dullness — is that a help to you? No. Be gullible, be easily deceived. Let your mind go and feel the cold of the wind-hurled rain and you will be blown upward to the stars perhaps and know the joy of culture.

Let no man dare to tell you how this is faked, and that is false. Let him steal your purse, but keep from him the glory of your dreams.

Belief in things unseen is FAITH. And you will need Faith to give you a hand-up, somewhere along the road.

The Cleverest TITLES of the month

¶ Screenland finds that again RALPH SPENCE is in front. Here are some of the reasons.

A JOB on a newspaper, The El Paso Morning Times, was his last stop—then Los Angeles and the movies. But before he edited the motion picture page at El Paso, he had been on other Texas papers, in fact he hadn't done anything else but since, at the tender age of 14, he started as a reporter for the Houston Daily News. And now he can write things like—

"The Marquise de la Marr wore the lowest cut gown in Paris just to show that her heart was in the right place."

Clever! That's from *"Mlle. Modiste"*, Corinne Griffith's next picture, which he titled.

Ralph Spence wrote the stage play "The Gorilla" and has had his hand in shaping the "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Frolics" of several years.

His titles for Harold Lloyd's picture *"For Heaven's Sake"* are so funny that they often cause bursts of laughter as loud as any gag.

It is wonderful what this man can do. Gag men, camera men, equipment, properties, locations, stars, players, fire-water and runaways may combine to get you to laugh but Ralph Spence with his lead pencil and the back of an envelope can equal them all.

He describes one tough guy in Lloyd's film as "a one-man crime wave." He says of an optimist "After the earthquake he was pleased that real estate was so active." His title for a foreign section of the city: "Where English is only used on billiard balls."

¶ *Ralph Spence whose sense of humor is making a fortune for him.*

His sense of the ridiculous is a joy. He tells of a business office so dull that "The mice are giving themselves up to the cat"; and of a tough who wouldn't eat lady fingers unless they had on brass knuckles.

Some of the *"Mlle. Modiste"* whimsies are sure to become a part of our slang.

"After an hour of observant waiting, Hiram decided that one hand of strip poker would send Paris home in a barrel."

"Paris, where half the girls are working girls and half are working men."

"Gosh—if I felt any younger I'd be afraid of infantile paralysis."

You can get a very good idea of the speed of a man by the company he can keep up with and it has been the job of Ralph Spence to collaborate with such famous humorists as Will Rogers and Ring Lardner in producing Mr. Ziegfeld's famous annual. There is a real kindred sparkle to the wit of these three men and each of them is thoroughly American.

Ralph Spence is now at work on the titles for Raymond Griffith's new picture *"Wet Paint"*. He is also titling *"The Savage"*.

After each of these are equipped with a hundred merry quips (it takes about one hundred and twenty-five titles to a film) Ralph will be several thousand dollars richer which will probably make him merrier and merrier. He is a genius, or as he said once in a title:

"Marvelous—That girl could sell buggy whips in Detroit."

¶ *Through the efforts of this page of clever titles each month,* SCREENLAND *has directed the attention of the fans to the heretofore unnoticed title writers. Somewhere there is now a clever humorist who is capable of carrying on this work. If this page encourages him to enter the lists, here's Good Luck to him.*

HAROLD LLOYD *in*

¶ *The man at the door takes his hat and stick all right.*

¶ *His heart was touched nor did his hair escape.*

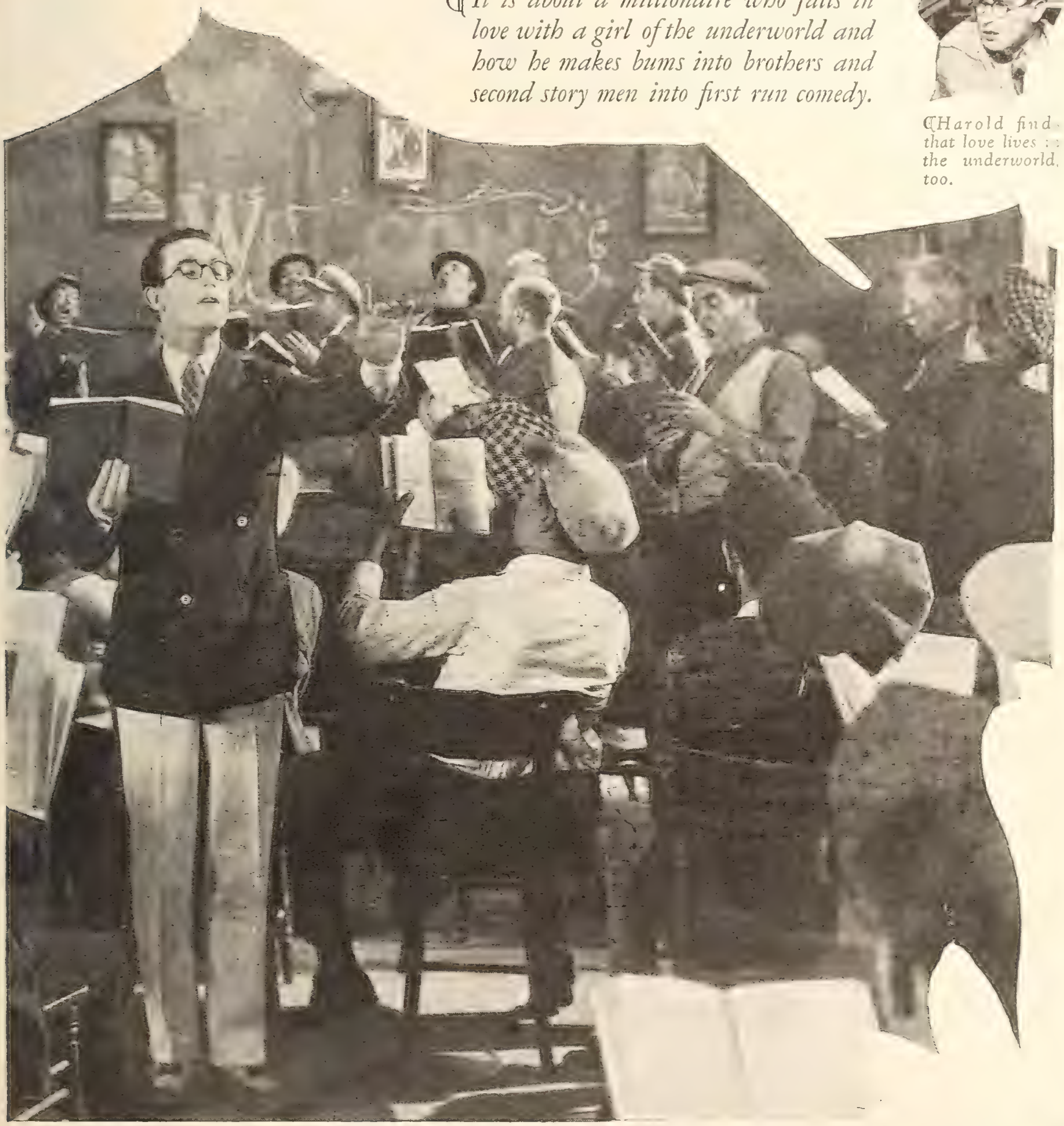
¶ *Harold as the young millionaire opens a mission in the slums and everything was saved except the tune.*

¶ *His glasses* [illegible] *smashed but* [illegible] *ntal as long as*

"For Heaven's Sake"

¶ This is Harold Lloyd's baby.

¶ Harold finds that love lives in the underworld, too.

¶ *It is about a millionaire who falls in love with a girl of the underworld and how he makes bums into brothers and second story men into first run comedy.*

"I'VE MET THEM ALL—*WHEW!*"

¶ *SCREENLAND'S famous interviewer knows her onions and all the screen kings and queens as well.*

By Delight Evans

¶ *When Bebe Daniels did Coney Island, the hospital staff dusted off some cots and bandages.*

YOU have all seen stars at one time or another. Don't deny it. But I'm sure you have never seen as many as I have. I have the advantage of you, as my method is practically painless and often it is fun. Sometimes all I have to do is to call a certain telephone number and before I know it a perfectly good star, or a dozen, is all set to be seen. How do I do it? That's easy. All you have to do is to be an interviewer.

This is not a course in How to See Stars. I'm afraid that in these days of star-gazing, the best advice I can give you, provided you are not accessible to the first nights of Broadway or Hollywood, is to go to the wall, close your eyes, and bump your head very hard several times. When you open your eyes you'll see stars, all right.

There are draw-backs to every method. Stars do get the craziest notions. For instance, when Jack Gilbert was in New York, he persisted in evading a group of ladies who were beginning to crowd around him on the curb by rushing forward across the street when the traffic signal said "Stop". My one thought was not of the onrushing motors or the angry cops. It was the blissful vision of the headlines in next day's tabloid newspapers. "Jack Gilbert's Narrow Escape — Who is Mysterious Woman?" Jack must have been thinking as fast as I was, because we made the other side without a scratch—darn it!

Thrills? Once the Gish girls took a fancy to driving through Central Park in one of those museum pieces that still pass as hansom cabs. The horse looked like the kind you would trust your grandmother with. The famous cinema artistes were just settling themselves for a quiet drive

"Be Yourself" yelled Bebe Daniels as she Charlestoned down the famous "Bowery". Bebe carries her honors as modestly as a bootlegger.

when something — the smell of spring in the air, or a small boy's runaway hoop, or maybe just the spirit of good, clean fun, began to animate the rocking horse. He capered and kicked and did everything except stand on his hind legs. The peace of the park was disturbed by little shrieks and louder and funnier remarks from the cabman. We raced through the Park. All that was needed to add to the scene was a motion picture camera and a handsome hero with his arms around the horse's neck. But there wasn't any camera and all the handsome heroes who would have been glad to oblige were far, far away. Two little heroines who had faced the guillotine and death by drowning without a quiver were limp and white before the old war-horse in the driver's seat finally subdued the old war-horse on the road — and we called it a day, and an interview.

Fun? It was in the Funny House at Coney Island. One of those crazy moving stairways — ever try to climb one standing up? I landed on the soft mattresses and looked around. Staring at me was Bebe Daniels. She "does" Coney at least once a season and when she's there she forgets she's a grown-up movie star. "Make me a kid again just for tonight," sings Bebe; and Coney, appreciating Bebe's qualifications, obliges. There's no coaster too high for Bebe to try — the wilder the stunt the better she likes it. "Miss Daniels, does make-up hurt your face?" I inquired politely, slipping back automatically into my rôle of star-gazer. "Be yourself and have a hot dog," replied the famous Miss Daniels.

Risks? Ah, the hazards of the interviewer's profession have daunted many a brave soul. There was that time I woke up Louise Brooks at ten o'clock in the morning. She blinked her eyes, stretched, yawned, and then with an impish look she remarked:

(Continued on page 100)

ON LOCATION *with*

¶ *The rigors of location trips may irritate the actor but they bring out the stuff in the man.*

RAIN beat with a droning insistence upon the roof of the bunkhouse and, inside, the wet accoutrements of seven Texan cowpunchers dried on pegs in the torrid atmosphere of tobacco smoke, a poker-game and tough-luck. Six lean-faced fellows sat around the table with a man whose features have won perhaps $100,000,000 for the theatre box-offices of America, and whose hands were now winning a multitude of poker chips for himself. The only spectator, a gnarled old fossil, sucked his pipe, occasionally cocked his head quizzically to compare the cards of the two players directly in front of him, then nodded shrewdly over what he saw.

An hour ago there had been seven red, white and blue stacks all of equal height and cash-value. But six had dwindled to practically nothing, while the seventh had grown into the huge disorderly pile which belonged to Richard Dix. Conversation jerked along with but slight variations:

"Five dollars. Aw-right, I'm lookin', big boy."

¶ *Richard Dix with the smile that goes with him to the far places.*

Richard Dix---By Gayne Dexter

¶ *Between scenes while making "Womanhandled" Dix seizes both horns of the dilemma.*

"Three queens."

"Beats three tens. Take it away." And while Dix scooped in more chips, the loser hauled from his pockets a few crumpled bills, the last of his month's pay. The game went on. The gnarled spectator who sat behind Dix continued to smoke and nod and a rising wind slapped the rain dismally about the bunkhouse.

¶ *Sure he's a regular guy — ask George he knows.*

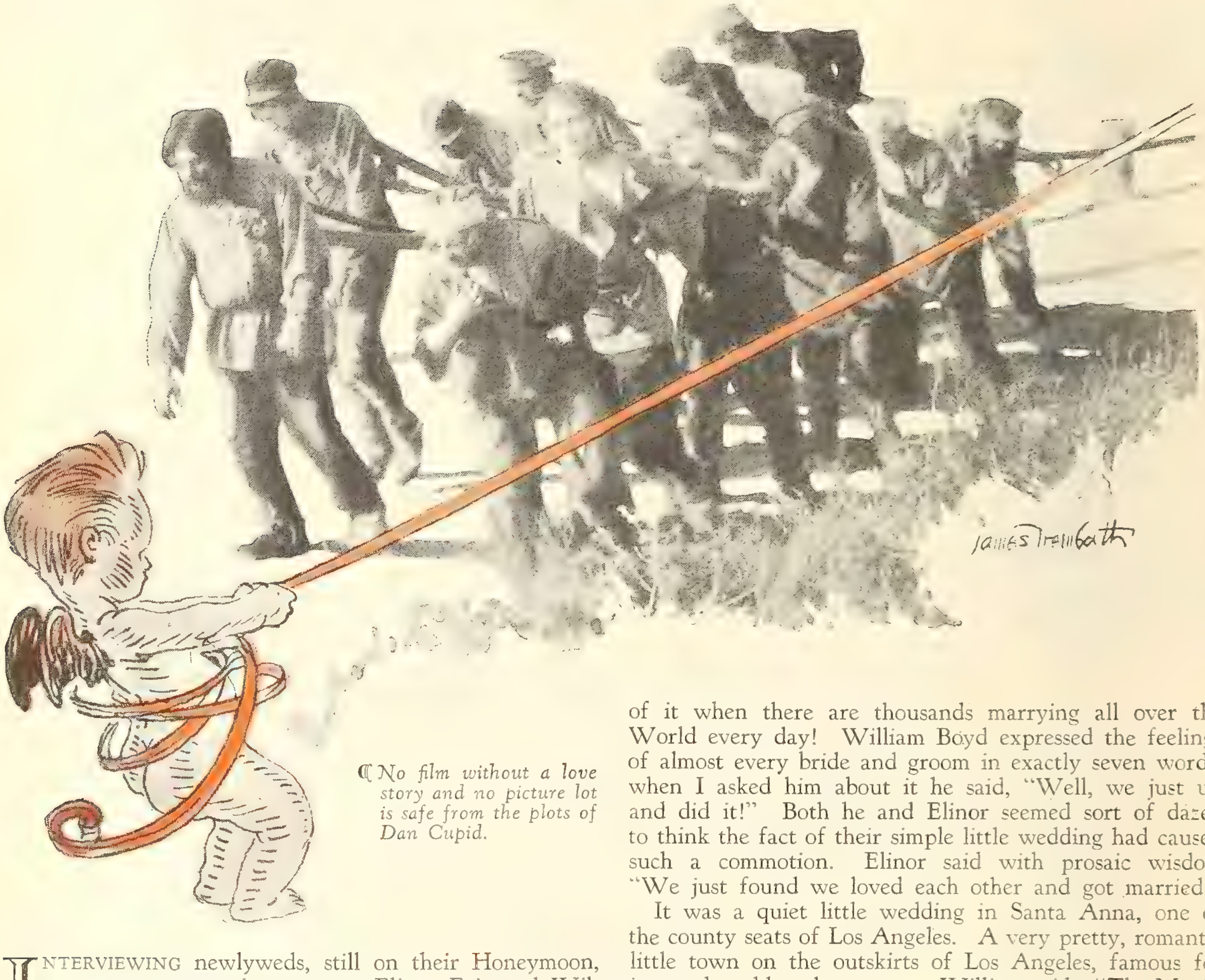
¶ *His bubbling good humour is not because of his success but his success comes from his gay soul.*

With but a few intermittent gaps of sunshine there had been eight weeks of rain. The cattle corralled for the stampede scenes of "*Womanhandled*" waded forlornly about the ranch; and while some of the company lounged in a Houston hotel and others siestad unwillingly at the homestead, Richard Dix played in the most amazing

(*Continued on page 97*)

LOVE SHIPS WITH The VOLGA BOATMAN

¶ *Elinor Fair and William Boyd met on the de Mille lot and now they are married.*



¶ *No film without a love story and no picture lot is safe from the plots of Dan Cupid.*

INTERVIEWING newlyweds, still on their Honeymoon, was a new sensation to me. Elinor Fair and William Boyd sat side by side two weeks after their marriage and looked at me and quietly waited for me to talk and well — you know I hardly knew what to say. Their faces told their own story of radiant happiness but somehow one hates to burst forth with the crude, hard-boiled remark — "Well, how goes married life?"

You know it's queer how much alike we all are when it comes to marriage. After all to us, it just happens, and we wonder why everyone else gets such a "kick" out of it when there are thousands marrying all over the World every day! William Boyd expressed the feelings of almost every bride and groom in exactly seven words, when I asked him about it he said, "Well, we just up and did it!" Both he and Elinor seemed sort of dazed to think the fact of their simple little wedding had caused such a commotion. Elinor said with prosaic wisdom "We just found we loved each other and got married!"

It was a quiet little wedding in Santa Anna, one of the county seats of Los Angeles. A very pretty, romantic little town on the outskirts of Los Angeles, famous for just such sudden elopements. William said—"The Magistrate said 'Umpty-Ump' a few times and all we did was say 'yes' and 'no' and it was all over and the most wonderful privilege in the world was mine — that of calling Elinor my wife!" This last was said with a smile and with simple reverence, a direct tribute to the pretty little bride by his side. All of which was not lost on Elinor who looked volumes and smiled tenderly in gratitude — which brought to my thots forcibly the old bromide "Ain't Love GRAND!?" They are as good looking a pair as you care to look up — Elinor is a brown-haired, soft-

By Doris Denbo

¶ *William Boyd and Elinor Fair, that is Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, have fame and fortune pulling along their barge of matrimony. A long and pleasant voyage to them!*

eyed young girl that any man might well be proud of, while William is a broad-shouldered, six-foot American hustler type that can certainly shoulder any burdens that life may bring to them separately or in unison. In fact William has already bucked the world at it's worst and the harder life struck at him the more he squared his jaw and the harder he fought. William Boyd is like that — a real red-blooded scrapper.

He laughed that day as he said, "When I left Tulsa, Oklahoma, dead broke, parentless, and pretty much of a youngster, I never dreamed I would be sitting here in California, the husband of a beautiful Screen Star — being interviewed. Gosh! If anyone had sprung this little drama on me then, I would have smashed him one I guess for making fun of me — But here I am — 'bout as happy as I was miserable when I left Tulsa — and that is SOME happy!"

In response Elinor said with spirit, "He deserves just everything he has gained too, and then some. You know he was a grocery clerk, automobile salesman, oil driller and expert mechanic and — just anything he could get to do until he ran across C. B. DeMille, who saw immense possibilities in him and gave him a little part in '*Why Change Your Husband?*' From that time on he has kept plugging and now they hail him as the screen's new Wallace Reid," she added with triumph. "I think he will be better than Wallace Reid, don't you? He's ever so much better looking — don't you think?" Elinor did not wait for answers but with tremendous pride looked critically at her new husband.

All during this bridely oration William Boyd moved

¶ *William Boyd chained in a scene in the "Volga Boatman" found in Elinor Fair even in their play acting a sympathy that stirred him utterly.*

his feet noisily, ahemed and a-hawed—and did everything to attract the attention of the fair Elinor, trying in vain to catch her eye to stop her. I was certainly enjoying my Honeymoon interview. I didn't even have to ask questions. It promised to be wonderful! But William did not think so much of it and was plainly miserable.

He hastily interrupted as Elinor paused for breath, saying anxiously, "You know, Miss Denbo, Elinor is an accomplished musician! She composes the most beautiful little melodies." This was said breathlessly—hopefully—he *did* hope Elinor would be turned off the subject of him or that I would question her. But I sat in callous silence as Elinor peremptorily swept aside this appeal and went on—"Didn't you think William was better than Ramon Novarro in '*The*

(*Continued on page* 97)

"No thank you" said

"You will be crippled for life", the doctors told him.

¶ *The strong right arm of Bill Russell who scorned weakness.*

¶ *Strength, health, the whipping winds, the plunging sea and best of all a lovely woman. These things he* WOULD NOT *be denied. William Russell and his wife, Helen Ferguson.*

Bill Russell

By Dave Epstein

¶ *Mrs. Russell — better known as Helen Ferguson—is largely responsible for the success of Pathe's "Casey of the Coast Guard" serial.*

FROM boy athlete to declared hopeless cripple, and back again — himself the only surgeon—to an athlete and Carnegie medal-winner for prowess and heroism, is a part of the life story of William Russell, known in the movies as the "reel he-man".

It is the story of the triumph of a mind "superior to its fate among the outrage of external things". For years external things were outrageous to Russell. They began when, a lad of 13, he fell on a stone while doing a tumble on a New York street. For nearly four years, much of the time in a New York hospital, he suffered from a malignant hip disease. Operated upon several times, he finally left the hospital with his right leg eight inches shorter than his left, and weighing 127 pounds. His weight now is around 200, his legs are the same length, and a few years ago at a Madison Square Garden sportsman's show he was voted the second prize as the best-built man in America.

It was only casually and by persistent effort that I drew from Russell the details of this hitherto unpublished chapter of his life. For Russell, contrary to popular belief about actors, shuns personal publicity. He is content to play his public part before the camera; what else his life brings forth he considers private.

His rescue, single handed, of 12 persons with whom he swam to shore, one after the other, from the burning General Slocum, New York, when 1200 perished, and his saving of a score of others in a rowboat, got into the papers because it was impossible that such an exploit pass unnoted. This act of heroism brought him the Carnegie medal.

But Russell has saved many other persons from drowning—several of them at the beach at Venice, California, where he has a home; and the rescues have become known only because others have told about them. In one instance a prominent Los Angeles society woman was rescued after she had sunk twice, far out from shore, and only by diligent inquiry did she learn, two days later, the identity of the rescuer and gave the story to the newspapers.

When Russell met the accident that brought him four years of life as a cripple, he was a boy acrobat. "Nickle-the-flip Willie" they called him on the streets of New York, where he would do one of his tumbles for a nickle, or six tumbles for 25 cents.

¶ *It has been rumored that Bill Russell has been selected for the part of "Captain Flagg" in "What Price Glory" — we congratulate the casting director.*

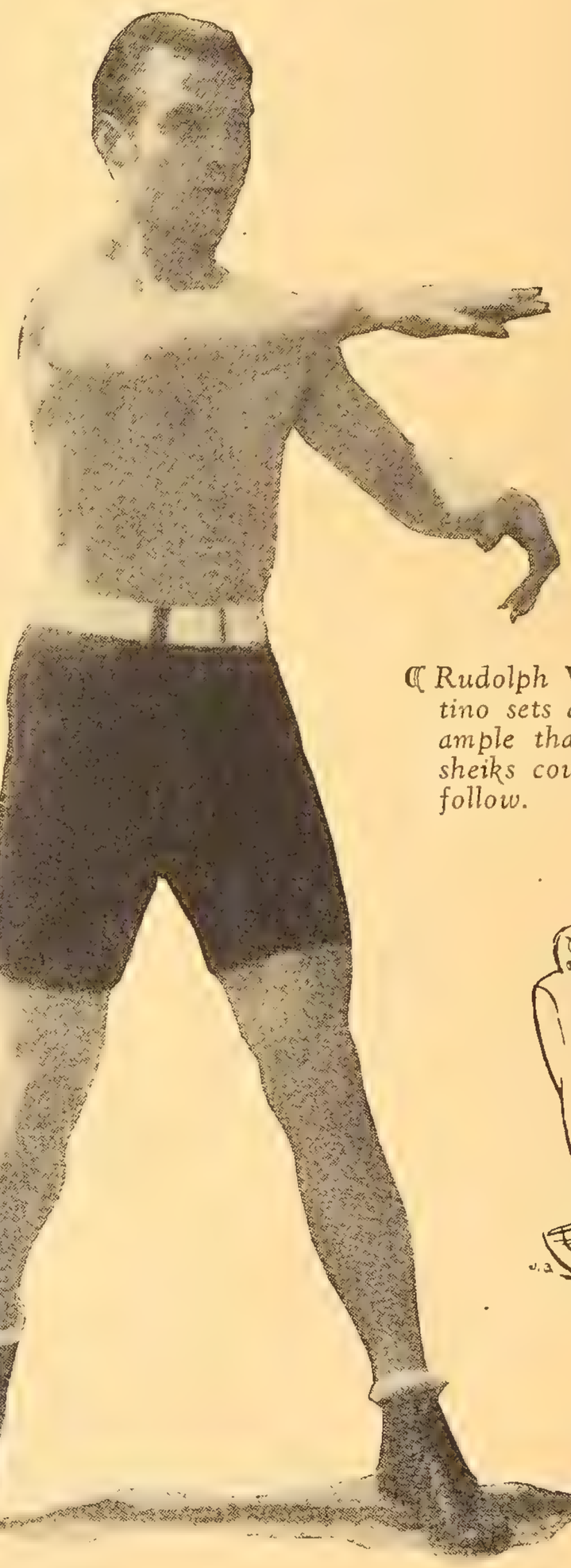
One day while doing the second half-dozen for a man who was immensely interested in the lad's agility, young Russell had a bad fall. His hip struck a large stone, and an ambulance took him to the hospital. Surgeons operated—frequently, for long months—and today his right leg, though filled out and firm of flesh, bears the marks.

When Russell left the hospital (Continued on page 96)

IN HOLLYWOOD
They're So

By James Tankersley

¶ *Lola Todd skips her way to health and loveliness.*



¶ *Rudolph Valentino sets an example that few sheiks could follow.*

DEAR EDITOR:

Pardon me for saying dear.

I don't like you very much anymore —at least not as much as I did.

Since you sent me that letter asking me to write you an article about the athletic boys and gals of Hollywood there has quite a change come over me.

Quite a change has come over my wife, too.

Things had been going pretty good at our house for several days before I received your letter—especially since I caught my wife secretly taking Charleston lessons.

There's just one hope left for me.

The doctor says that maybe I won't get well.

So, Ed., I want you to send me the $4500 you agreed to pay me for this article right away. If I get well I want to go away from here right quick before something else happens to me.

Well, not knowing many of the really big motion picture stars I hired me an actor to take me around and introduce me to all these stars so that I could watch them doing their daily one, two, three — biff, bang, bings, and I would give him $7.50 for same. This actor is supposed to know everybody in Hollywood.

I have since heard somebody say that this actor has the entree but I don't know, Ed., so I won't say anything about it now. He struck me as being a pretty nice fellow at first and though we are not such good friends anymore I don't want to do him an injustice.

I am not going to believe that he's got the entree or anything else like that about him until I have it proved to me.

For no reason at all we started in the first day at Douglas Fairbanks' studio.

That game of badmington, which has been shortened to

¶Our correspondent breaks records and everything, in games with the movie stars.

DARNED Athletic

"Doug", because no one could remember or pronounce the other, is to the world of sport what a mule is to the animal kingdom.

Its sire was a big, black Kentucky jack named "Battledore", and its mother was a Percheron mare named "Tennis".

It is just one of the games that Doug plays. The Pickford-Fairbanks studio, which has just been leased by Joe Schenck, resembles pretty much a well equipped public playground.

There are horizontal bars, swinging rings, weights, hammers, punching bags, boxing gloves, foils, racquets of various sizes — everything, including a dog that plays football.

(Continued on page 95)

¶Some of the spirit of this reckless, happy dance comes to Dolores Costello because of her recent remarkable success.

The Question: Can uncultured people *really* LOVE?

Madame Glyn gives her "key to success" to Pauline Starke.

by Elinor Glyn

IT all depends on what you mean by "Love"! If it is merely the creative instinct you are alluding to — then culture has nothing to do with the emotion. If you mean by "Love" that quality which is half spiritual and which raises the individual when under its influence then, naturally, the higher the cultivation is and the greater the refinement of mind, so love would be felt and enjoyed more by such persons than the merely uncultured being who has no sense of values.

by Joan Crawford

"I THINK that the part I am playing in Edmund Goulding's production, '*Paris*', answers this question perfectly," says Joan Crawford. "That is the story of a young girl of the slums of Paris, uncultured and uneducated. She is in love with an apache, who is also an uncultured person. A very wealthy, refined young man is in love with her and while he offers her money and power and all of the refined, cultured things in life, she chooses her apache lover and never once wavers in her affection.

"This uncultured girl has an infinite capacity for love. She will allow nothing to stand in her way. Her real lover comes first and the things of the world mean nothing to her if she must lose him to get them.

"I believe that this is absolutely true to life and is a situation that everyone has seen time and time again. There seems to be enough evidence to prove that love has nothing to do with ducation or culture. It is an emotion of the heart and the shop girl has a heart like that of the princess."

Joan Crawford says NO!

by Ramon Novarro

"THE more sophisticated and cultured a person becomes the harder it is for him to throw himself into love," says Ramon Novarro, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "The uneducated person thinks less about himself than does the intelligent one. The former has the ability to take love for what it is worth without mental reservations. Love can be his whole life, while the intelligent person must have other interests. The more sophisticated a person becomes the more does he think about what he, himself, is going to get out of love, how it will affect him, and what reactions it will leave. The uncultured person loves for love's sake.

Ramon Novarro says Yes and No.

"I am speaking now of emotional love. When you speak of the highest type of love, which is friendship, then I would say that the cultured person has a greater capacity than the uncultured one. He loves then with his brain as well as his heart and the more his brain is developed the more power he has for such a love."

by Eleanor Boardman

"HISTORIES and famous memoirs have recounted the great loves," says Eleanor Boardman, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. "We have all read of the 'grand passion' and invariably it is the love of kings and queens or persons in high estate.

"The lesser loves are not set down by the historians. For this reason many people might believe that the more cultured, the more educated and intelligent a person is,

Read the remarkable opinions of

ELINOR GLYN, ELEANOR BOARDMAN, JOAN CRAWFORD, RENEE ADOREE, RAMON NOVARRO *and* CONRAD NAGEL

the greater is his capacity for love. But when we turn from written histories to actual life we are confronted with a great deal of evidence that makes this belief only a theory.

"In life we see great sacrifices being made by untutored people. And sacrifice is a great part of love, isn't it? We see unintelligent mothers giving up everything for their children; we see sweethearts giving their lives for each other, in quite as noble a way as kings and queens do.

"We also see the loves of many unintelligent people standing up under poverty and petty worries that are often better tests of love than great deeds of heroism."

¶ *"Unintelligent people are often superior in love," says Eleanor Boardman.*

by Conrad Nagel

¶ *"Any individual has measureless capacity for love," says Conrad Nagel.*

"WHO has the ability to sit in judgment and say, 'This person has a greater capacity for love than that one'?" asks Conrad Nagel, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. "We would have to be able to look into the very heart of the individual to discover how well or how much he was able to love.

"Love is something that goes so deep it cannot be analyzed. The outward manifestations do not mean anything. Two cultured people may appear to be very much in love with each other. The husband may be charming to his wife when they are with people, because he has learned how to camouflage his feelings, and yet there may be no love on the part of either, in reality.

"Love and the capacity for it is up to the individual. It is something that he must answer for from his own heart. Only he knows if he loves deeply. We cannot make comparisons for we do not know. We cannot look into the heart of anyone but ourselves."

¶ *"The capacity for love is born in us," says Renee Adoree.*

by Renee Adoree

"To take mother love for an example," says Renee Adoree, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, "we have all of us seen unlettered people love with as great a desperation as cultured people. Sometimes animals have a stronger sense of mother love than human beings have.

"Love of any kind is an elemental force. The capacity for it is born within us all and it does not depend on what we know of literature and art and music, but on what sort of people we are. The selfish person hasn't the capacity for love that the unselfish one has and all the knowledge that he could accumulate in seven life times would not change him. Our capacity for love is affected not by what we have read or seen, but by what we are.

"Certainly the uncultured man or woman has the ability to love as vitally as the intelligent person."

"You take it, I never wear jewelry" said CORINNE GRIFFITH

This is Corinne Griffith's bracelet. It is made of twenty-five platinum links, each bearing a fine filigree design. Two of the links are set with diamonds and six with sapphires. The bracelet has a very fine safety catch.

¶ *Every real enthusiast of pictures likes to write to the players. These "fan" letters are often very clever, revealing the writer as well as describing the charm of the star. This lovely bracelet will be given to the writer of the best letter about Corinne Griffith.*

"I NEVER wear jewelry, that is, when I am just myself," said Corinne Griffith. "Often in character I do. That is how I came to have this bracelet."

The dainty star who has been called the "Languid and Lovely" and "Classic Corinne" thus starts the trouble. The argument that a girl doesn't need jewelry can hardly be stated before counter advocates will hurl their javelins of logic into the diamond, so to speak. Their remarks will be well studied or studded with jewels perhaps, but still Corinne will *not* wear the rich treasures of the gold craftsmen and she doth scorn the scintillating souvenirs of the lapidary.

Perhaps Miss Griffith remembers Cleopatra, whose conquest of mighty Caesar was made as she stood before him "unadorned" but richly glowing with the treasure of her beauty. You remember she was secretly brought to him in a sack of rugs by the trusty Apollodorus.

"From the first moment, as he gazed on the rhythmic, harmonious grace of her body; her low, straight brows, the golden light in her eyes; her delicate nostrils, her parted, sensuous lips, her radiant, amber-colored flesh, suggesting luscious sun-kissed fruit, Caesar had felt an indescribable thrill run through his veins."

But of course Caesar had never seen Corinne Griffith!

¶ *Norman Kerry and Corinne Griffith as they appear in "Mlle. Modiste" — the romance of a dressmaker.*

Do you think Corinne is right in not wearing jewelry? Would you wear this bracelet or give it away if your letter was judged to be the best?

You may enter this contest for the "best" letter with your opinion of Corinne's firm stand on the jewelry question, or any letter at all so long as it is about Corinne, her opinions or her person, her beauty or her becoming generosity.

A fan letter is great fun to write, to say

right out what *you* think, and here is a worth-while reward for you if you send in the best one.

It is fun for SCREENLAND to send out the gifts from the stars to the winners and to read their delight when they acknowledge the presents. Corinne Griffith's bracelet is one of the nicest gifts and worth working for.

Contest closes June 15, 1926

Address: CORINNE GRIFFITH
SCREENLAND Magazine,
236 West 55th Street,
New York, N. Y.

¶ *Write a letter if you can and if you win you will valu[illegible] recognition of [illegible] much as you will [illegible]*

¶ *Corinne Griffith wears no jewelry except sapphire eyes and ruby lips for she has a more precious treasure—the softest, kindest heart in the world.*

Oh That Costume Party at the 60

¶ Patsy the Party Hound goes to the new Hollywood club and--you'd be surprised.

"You really," remarked Patsy to John Roche, "should be tootling on a saxaphone. "I'm sure that even the Swiss shepherds know how to play on them by now."

John, Patsy and I had gone to the Sixty Club, you know, which had unbent for the evening into a costume ball. John was dressed as a shepherd, a Swiss one, while Patsy was a sort of shepherdess at large, you might say — just cute looking. As for me, I went in ordinary evening dress, as did a lot of members of the club, it not being compulsory to wear a fancy costume, and a lot of us lazily preferring not to bother with the fancy clothes.

"Of course the whole professional life of a star is a costume party, you might say," explained Patsy, "so it must seem rather nice to her to just be herself once in a while — clothed and in her right mind!"

"Oh, look at Pola and Rudey!" exclaimed John, as Miss Negri and Valentino dashed past in a fox-trot, Pola dressed as a Spanish gypsy and Rudey as a toreador.

"I suppose he had the costume left over from 'Blood and Sand'," suggested Patsy.

They looked awfully swank, these two famous lovers on the screen and off, and of course everybody was gazing at them. They danced together divinely, and were very love-dovey indeed. They did a tango that was a sensation.

"I hear," said Patsy, "that Rudey and Pola really do intend getting married a little later on, but are keeping it a secret for the present."

Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno were attending the Sixty Club dance for the very first time. They didn't

¶ *Ruth Roland disguised as a circus tent. Ruth as the "big top" was the greatest show on earth.*

¶ *Dorothy Cummings in the "very much idealized" Red Cross costume which won a prize.*

¶ Have the primitive emotions changed so little that an uncouth savage can arouse the love of a girl of refinement.

¶ The Savage ran through the purple night with his lady in his arms.

The editor smoked in silence for a time and Danny watched him as though it were the most engrossing performance he had ever seen. Actually Danny was not even seeing the editor; he was seeing the way the other magazine would soar in circulation and popularity if Professor Atwater captured the white savages, and columns and columns of type could be devoted by their rivals to descriptions of the strange creatures.

Would they be strange creatures, after all? Danny found his keenness for scientific facts momentarily drowning out other thoughts. No, they ought not to be very different from ourselves. Well-developed, of course, and fleet-footed; Danny mentally admitted that he possessed both these attributes. Perhaps he was like one of those white savages whom Professor Atwater would stalk as he, Danny, had stalked animals. A sudden (*Continued on page 86*)

¶ *A detail from a Sir Edward Burne-Jones painting which shows the typical pre-Raphael beauty.*

¶ *Pauline Starke in "Sun-Up" is the screen's living image of medieval loveliness.*

Pauline Starke

HAS THE *Beauty of which the Old Masters* DREAMED

¶ *Is Pauline Starke the creature of the imagination of ancient painters born at last for modern eyes to behold?*

ROSSETTI—Watts—Burne-Jones—a gallant company years ago painted in the so-called Pre-Raphaelite manner. Each of their canvases, from "The Blessed Damosel" to "The Golden Stairs" glowed with the strange poetic beauty of which they dreamed. Theirs was a worship of an ideal, a devotion to a form so lovely that it had never yet been seen upon this earth.

The striking resemblance of this dream beauty to our own Pauline Starke is undeniable.

Had she lived in the days of the old painters her hours would have been passed posing before the enraptured beauty-seekers of that time.

To-day Pauline Starke working on Elinor Glyn's new picture "*Love Blindness*" is very much alive but into the hurry and turmoil of modern picture making she carries the torch of her beauty and through her charm she makes the painters' ancient dream live again.

PAULINE STARKE

POSSESSOR of "It" was chosen by Elinor Glyn to play in her next production *"Love's Blindness"*. Miss Starke has brown hair and hazel eyes.

ALICE TERRY

THIS lovely lady as Freya in *"Mare Nostrum"* won Ibanez' (the author's) warm praise. Miss Terry has brown hair (under the blond wig) and blue eyes.

LEATRICE JOY

A NEW bob particularly suited to Miss Joy's type of beauty has caused a national exposure of feminine ears. Leatrice has black hair and large brown eyes.

CLAIRE WINDSOR

SOFT blond hair, blue eyes and a sweet feminine charm bind an enthusiastic following to happy Claire.

Claire and her hubby Bert Lytell. Their recent marriage is proving a model match.

Claire Windsor's "HAPPY EVER AFTER"

By Marion Brooks Ritchie

Little Billy the darling of the heart of the beautiful Claire Windsor, his mother.

AFTER all, "Uncle Bert" must have had the right idea, because aren't they married now, living in a nice little nest, way out there in the West, with everything in life breathing happiness and contentment? Even the devilish little grey angora cat whisked across the room, came to a sudden halt, cocked her saucy head on one side and looked at me as much as to say — "Well, I can play around here if I want to, can't I? Billy and his Mommy let me even if I do swish the rugs around. Is there any reason why I can't be happy, too?"

But that's getting away from "Uncle Bert's" idea. Loving Claire Windsor was the most natural thing in the world, but selling the idea to Billy was something else to worry about. Whatever you're thinking, though, put the odds on Uncle Bert Lytell!

Billy came into the room, one trouser leg nearer the floor than the other, as is usual with all young men under ten. We were properly introduced, me being smitten, immediately, with Billy really too sleepy to pay much attention. Grandmother had given him a fine bunny for Easter, and he was just about tuckered out trying to create a friendly, Christian-like feeling between Bunny and the saucy grey kitten.

But the "idea". Billy sat very quietly in his chair until Claire said to me:

"You must come into the other room and see what a beautiful present Bert gave me the other day. It's a 'Bishop's Cape', and I don't know how many years old it is."

Into the other room we went. It was beautiful, and it did beautifully, until Billy, who had patiently waited until we returned to the sitting-room, piped up, all in one breath:

"Golly, you ought to see the fireat big fire-engine and bully electric trains Uncle Bert gave ME! I can ride the fire-engine all up and down the street with the other fellows, and Uncle Bert knew how long I'd wanted that electric train. You ought to see the presents Uncle Bert gave me."

That was enough. If, as the (Continued on page 86)

New Screenplays

Reviewed by

Delight Evans

¶ No matter what she does it is all right with you — and she does plenty.

K I K I

¶ *Just* "Kiki"

I DON'T know how you felt about Norma Talmadge but I was always a little afraid of her. So lovely — so aloof; such expensive clothes; such gorgeous jewels. And holding that little head so very high! But "*Kiki*" changed all that. You'll love "*Kiki*". I know I did. It endeared Norma to me as never before. It made her a roughneck—a gamin who kicked and fought and scratched and wasn't too proud to sit down hard. I think it's her best picture. And daring? Don't you forget it. It took courage for La Talmadge, queen of the screen, famous for her regal rôles, to throw off the shackles and begin all over again as a slapstick comedienne. Remember, she's been a star for years. She has won her reputation by doing certain scenes in a certain way. As a dramatic artist, she's sure-fire. And she has a sister who is famous in her own line of comedy. But Norma never balked. She frizzed her hair and bobbed her skirts; she tossed away her old technique and emerged a dazzling new personality. She became Kiki to the life. Probably she thought she'd go over, but she couldn't be sure. Only audiences can determine the real worth of a picture. It must give Norma a great kick to know that "*Kiki*" is knocking you cold!

You couldn't ask for sweller entertainment. You follow breathlessly Norma's adventures as a chorus girl, her devoted shadowing of her Victor, her jealousies and her rages, her moments of mischief and grief. Before long you're loving Kiki. No matter what she does it is all right with you -- and she does plenty. Norma Talmadge becomes a memory. Kiki has the stage. And you'd never know they were the same girl. When Kiki gets her man you're as excited as she is, and almost as delighted as he is. Norma's tough, tender, vulgar and wistful. The most charming creature you have seen for a long time.

Ronald Colman has a real Colman rôle after his bad luck lately playing fathers and things. And what that boy can do when he wants to! He was worth all the trouble Kiki went to, to get him. George Arthur, Marc McDermott and Gertrude Astor are pleasantly present. Clarence Brown directed, and did right by "*Kiki*". As for Norma—well, write your own fan letter.

¶ "Kiki" makes Norma Talmadge a rough-neck who kicks and fights and scratches and isn't too proud to sit down hard — but you'll love her.

¶ *Leaves no crime uncommitted to give you a good time.*

The BAT

¶ *Emily Fitzroy is priceless as the dignified dowager.*

¶ *O-o-o-o-o-o-o-h!*

¶ *Just when you think you have spotted your Bat, along comes Louise with horrified features and pointing finger and you have to guess all over again.*

THE screen is making the world safe for spooks. Secret panels; creeping fingers; shapes in the dark — they're all in "*The Bat*"; and you can enjoy them and still get a good sound night's sleep afterwards. For safe and sane thrills, see this. You can sit in your comfortable seat and watch the mysterious proceedings without being annoyed by unexpected pistol shots or shrieks from the agonized actors. The mystery play on the screen has it all over the same variety on the stage. All the thrills and the fun—without the danger of the excited party sitting next to you poking an elbow into you when she puts her finger in her ears.

Another advantage: the audience can play the guessing game called, "False face, false face, who wears the false face?" And this time it is not Lon Chaney. Don't coax, because I positively refuse to tell you the identity of the stranger known as The Bat. There are plenty of people to suspect, from Louise Fazenda to Robert McKim; there are peering faces and bulging eyes. But just when you think you have spotted your Bat, along comes Louise with horrified features and pointing finger and you have to guess all over again. That's what makes "*The Bat*" such fun. Take a theatre party and make everybody write down his guess on a slip of paper. Put the papers in a hat and the hat carefully on the vacant seat next to you. A large lady will then come and sit down on the hat; and what's become of your silly old game? (There won't be any vacant seats anyway.) Mary Roberts Rinehart certainly started something when she wrote the story; and Roland West, who directed the picture, left no crime uncommitted to give you a good time. Emily Fitzroy is priceless as the dignified dowager who knits unconcernedly through murders and mystery. Jewel Carmen — Mrs. Director in private life — and a peaches-and-cream blonde who used to play with Doug Fairbanks, is a decided decoration. Jack Pickford is there, too, acting pretty suspicious; but who would be mean enough to suspect our Mary's brother?

¶ *But wait — here comes the U. S. Navy and not a minute too soon.*

Bride of the Storm

¶ *Dolores Does It Again*

THE only people qualified to write about Dolores Costello are poets. But a poet who saw her in "*Bride of the Storm*" just went all to pieces. He said he could rhyme love with dove, and things like that; but Dolores was too much for him. And exquisite, and gorgeous, were just as bad. And all the other adjectives aren't good enough for her. Well, all I have to say is that there won't be any speaking to Father Costello if this keeps up. His hats are too small for him now. Dolores just keeps on getting better and better, and still she keeps that little air of aloof indifference which to me is her greatest charm.

If "*Bride of the Storm*" had been announced as a German picture, it might have had a different reception. But the Warner Brothers are nothing if not truthful. They came right out and said that it was made in Hollywood and by J. Stuart Blackton, called Commodore by his friends. I can't hold these facts against the film. It seems to me that Blackton is one of the few directors who does all his own thinking. He is never afraid to try new angles. His story may be terrible, but his "atmosphere" is right. "*Bride of the Storm*" has all the ingredients of a continental masterpiece—leering villain; grim old fanatic; more-than-half witted boy; beautiful girl caught in their clutches. But wait—here comes the United States Navy, and not one minute too soon. Johnny Harron as an eager ensign rescues our Dolores. Join the Navy now!

¶ *From little giggles to good, big hearty guffaws — take your choice.*

For HEAVENS *Sake*

¶ *Just For Fun*

OTHER comedians may take themselves seriously and go in for Art, but not Harold. He has been called a genius lately but he hasn't let it worry him. He goes on making comedies for laughing purposes only. Anybody who wants to can read symbols into his stuff; he doesn't care. He doesn't aim to be artistic; he only wants to entertain. And, boys and girls, he does. And how! "*For Heaven's Sake*" has every kind of a laugh in it, from little giggles to good, big, hearty guffaws. Take your choice. It's swift and sure and slapstick. Yet through it all runs a definite characterization by the star which is as good in the acting line as anything performed by the long-faced fellows.

¶ *Harold Lloyd is guardian to some very tough eggs.*

Harold plays a young man with a mansion in love with a miss with a mission. He's very hard-boiled; when he smashes a brand new ten-thousand-dollar car to pieces, he jumps out, brushes himself off, and says carelessly to his chauffeur: "That will be all for today, James." (It isn't really a new ten-thousand-dollar car, you know. A flivver doubled for it.) Before Harold knows it, a little settlement worker has softened his heart and appointed him guardian to three very tough eggs. They are played by Noah Young, Earle Mohan (the stew of "*Safety Last*") and Mr. Daniels, who in addition to being very funny, is also Mickey Daniels' old man. The adventures of the quartet in a runaway bus will make you hold on to the arms of your own orchestra chair until you burst that button or the usher requests you to leave unless you can sober up. "*For Heaven's Sake*" is gay and giddy; and just because Harold Lloyd hasn't permitted himself any close-ups, don't forget, when you reel from the theatre completely exhausted, that it's all his fault.

¶ *American pluck and pep to the rescue again, the hero escapes disguised as a snow-ball.*

The CROWN of Lies

¶ *Pola's Little Joke*

I'M sure Pola was only fooling when she made "*The Crown of Lies*"; but she managed to keep a straight face, and that was more than I could do. Ernest Vadja, the Hungarian dramatist, thought out the story all by himself. It's about a slavey who looks like a queen—yes, but a real queen, I mean; and a political conspirator brings her to one of those mythical kingdoms—another one—and sets her up as a sovereign to fool a few extras made up as peasants. It works, all right, until a busybody dictator gets busy and besieges the castle where Pola and her American boy friends, Robert Ames, are installed. Then American pluck and pep come to the rescue again, only this time, the hero escapes disguised as a snow-ball. And Bob makes the cutest snow-ball you ever saw. He rolls himself up and bounces downhill and stops in the peasants' vilalge to call them to pitchforks to rescue their queens. Up to this time, the audience had labored along thinking it was a drama and trying not to snicker—that audience was nothing if not polite. But when they saw Mr. Ames as a snow-ball they got wise to themselves and to the picture, and the fun began. I'm laughing yet.

¶ *I hate to have to tell you, but Esther has no swimming scenes.*

The Blind GODDESS

¶ *That Blonde Goddess*

¶ *Esther Ralston takes her dramatic duties very, very seriously.*

THEY made a mistake in title. It should have been Blonde, not Blind. Esther Ralston's eyes are lovely. You boys who want to see this picture don't need to kid yourselves that it's the Big Trial Scene. Deary me, yes. It's the first one we have had for a long long time, so we can't complain. The lady who's known as Aileen is the accused party. She's Louise Dresser, so *that's* all right. Guess who she turns out to be? Take two guesses and you'll be right the first time. The heroine's mother, of course. Jack Holt is one of those upright young lawyers—so upright he seems in danger of falling over backwards. Jack doesn't look at home without his horse, but he couldn't bring it into the courtroom with him very well, could he? Only Tom Mix could do that.

The Blind Goddess is sort of solemn. Esther takes her dramatic duties very, very seriously. I hate to have to tell you, but she has no swimming scenes.

Can it be that she is going to give that bathing suit from "*The American Venus*" to a SCREENLAND reader?

¶ *General Grant at the other end of his*

The Flaming

¶ *Our old pals, the Indians.*

¶ *Hoot Gibson rides furiously as the pony expressman.*

"THE FLAMING FRONTIER" is the latest "epic" of the great west. It gives you a ringside seat to the General's last fight at Little Big Horn in which the famous Sitting Bull mixes in. What fight and what General? Why, General Custer and his Last Stand, silly. Didn't you ever see those lithographs which decorated certain ice-cream parlors depicting that battle? Well, maybe *you* didn't; but your grand-

cigar and lots and lots of hard riding.

Frontier

¶ *The heroine, Anne Cornwall, almost upsets history.*

daddy did. It may remind you of the gory illustrations in the Indian books you used to pore over when you were a kid. If you didn't even do that, then there's no hope for you; and "*The Flaming Frontier*", with its Indians and everything, will leave you cold. Those Indians work overtime in this picture. Come to think of it, the poor souls have no private lives any more. Just as they get a breathing space, along comes a movie director and says it's time for another massacre. This time they couldn't refuse, for Custer's Last Stand is a massacre that *is* a massacre. The picture has General Grant, too, on the other end of his cigar; and it has lots and lots of hard riding. As an actor, Hoot Gibson is the screen's foremost centaur. He plays a pony expressman, expelled from West Point. He has two different heads of hair—one long and black; the other short and blonde—sort of before and after. But that doesn't interfere with his riding. The heroine, Anne Cornwall, almost upsets history by attempting to warn General Custer of his peril from the redskins; but she is interrupted by the villain, and history goes on getting itself made. It all comes out that Hoot never did anything wrong at West Point at all. We knew it all the time.

While "*The Flaming Frontier*" ranks as just another vehicle trying to catch up with "*The Covered Wagon*", it has a real thrill in the gathering of the Indians from the north, from the south, from the east and the west. In its sweep and speed, this episode will recall the famous ride of the clans in a certain picture made by D. W. Griffith. And not "*That Royle Girl*", either.

¶ *General Custer's last fight at Little Big Horn. The monster scene in this latest "epic" of the great west.*

¶ *Everybody oughta see it that's ever been to Florida.*

The NEW Klondike

¶ *Tommy's Home Run*

DEER AL: Well, Al, there's good news this time, Al. Maybe it's the spring in the air, with the birdies chirping in the trees and the circus calling to its mate and the screen star calling for the close-up. Anyway, something happened to Tom Meighan, Al; and it's my guess that that something was Ring Lardner. It's all for the best, because Tommy's new picture isn't anything like as tame as his other ones, God forbid. He plays a slugger, see, Tom Kelly by name, and he's fired from the team for no good reason and so he thinks he'll try his luck in real estate. Well, Al, he cleans up, and pretty soon he's the manager of that team which fired him; and he gets the girl, too, which is that pretty Lila Lee. It's a good little picture, Al; and if Tommy doesn't look much like Babe Ruth or any other baseball player you ever saw, why I guess everybody is just as well satisfied, especially the ladies, ha-ha, Al. But laying all kidding to one side, you oughta see it, and everybody oughta that ever been to Florida and made money in land booms or even lost it. I gotta lotta laughs out of it; and you know me, Al.

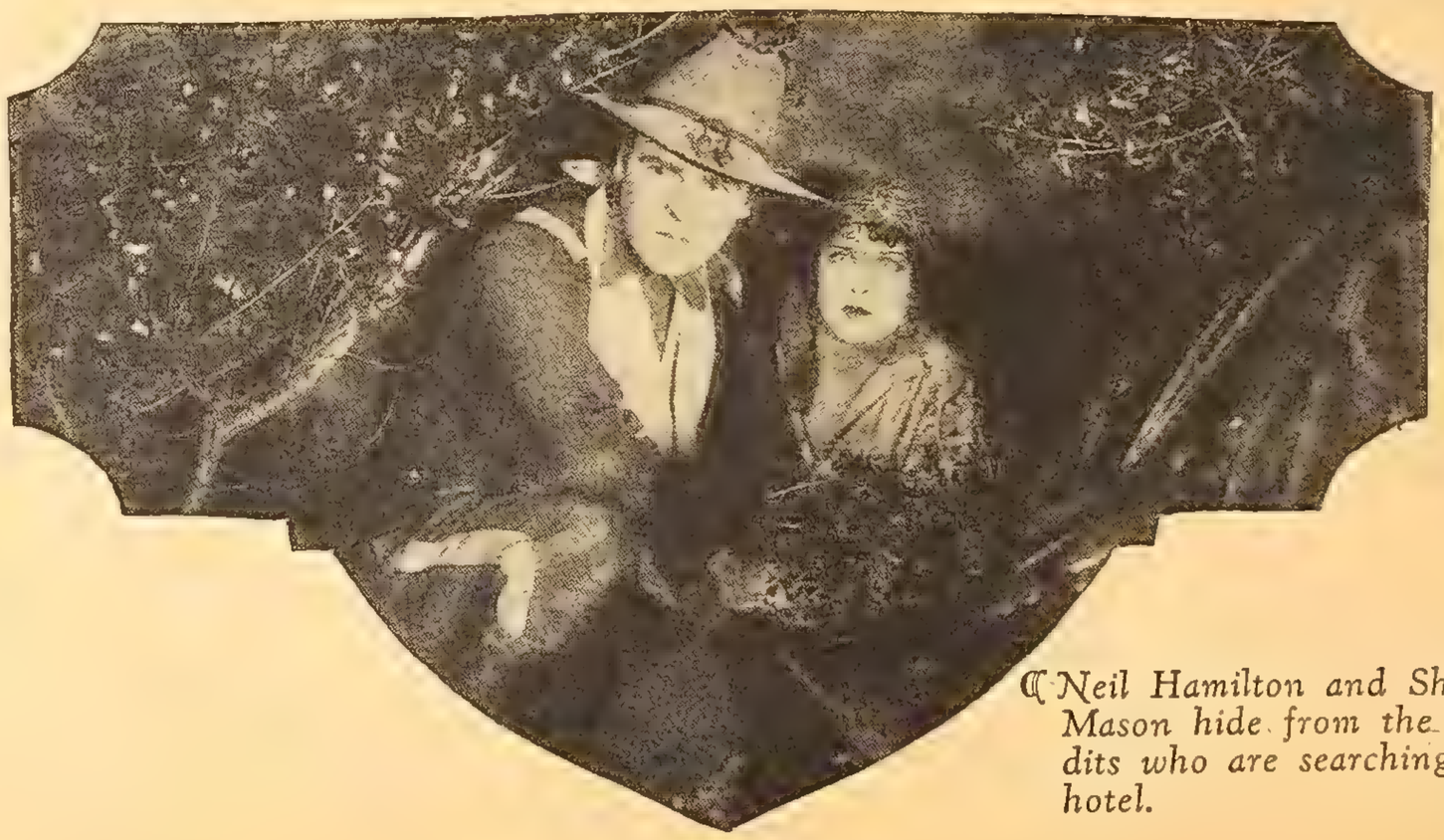
¶ *Bill Powell's the orneriest, wickedest cuss but you'll love that villain.*

Desert GOLD

Zane Grey Again

"DESERT GOLD" is fairly fresh proof that Providence has designated the Great West as its very own, as a special favor granting the screen rights to Famous Players for the Zane Grey stories. Famous shows its gratitude by handing all the screen credit to Mr. Grey and not Nature. Mean trick, I call it. The casting director must have been in a temper the day he cast "*Desert Gold*". He gave Bob Frazer the rôle of the tenderfoot for whom the sprightly Shirley Mason falls, under the desert moon; and then he handed Neil Hamilton the part of the strong, silent soul who nobly relinquished his rights and posed alone against the sky for the final fadeout. Whatever you may think of Neil's acting ability, you have to admit that he is the kind of boy who *always* gets the girl. *He* would never ride into the sunset alone, except, of course, for his faithful steed. *He* would never hold speech with his horse. But he does in "*Desert Gold*", so I suppose you would call it one of those "different" pictures.

Bill Powell, in this story of virtuous men and soulful scenery, is a great relief. He's the orneriest, wickedest, blackest-hearted cuss you ever saw, and you'll be all broken up when he bites the dust. Don't you love that villain? He's going to get the girl in spite of the plot one of these days.



¶ *Neil Hamilton and Shirley Mason hide from the bandits who are searching the hotel.*

¶ *Don't take any peanuts; it's not that kind of a circus.*

The DEVILS Circus

¶ *Lions 'N Everything*

¶ *Benjamin Christianson uses considerable technique to rescue Norma Shearer.*

DON'T take any peanuts; it's not that kind of a circus. This picture is pretty darn grim — you know, one of the kind that makes you ponder on Life as it is, and take that crick in your neck seriously. A compromise between European realism and Hollywood sweetness and light, "*The Devil's Circus*" doesn't quite jell. It isn't just the best little entertainment in the world. But it *is* interesting.

Introducing Benjamin Christianson from Sweden, friends, bringing with him considerable technique. You can't help wondering how good he could be if he let himself go. As director and author of "*The Devil's Circus*", he seems home-sick. He makes Norma Shearer a shy circus girl, with Charlie Mack as a young crook in love with her. There are glimpses of life behind the scenes of a continental tent show into which Mr. Christianson injects flavor and meaning. The tale unfolds the circus boss' passion for the heroine, the jealous rival's revenge, the crook's reformation—and the cruel fate which overtakes them all. I said it was grim, didn't I? But it is still interesting. It is only in the last reel or two that the director deliberately bumps his brain-child on the head; and you know it will never be the same. The incongruous ending is a sop to the Cerberus of the box-office. I can't tell you more about the story, except that the big scene provides a real thrill, involving Norma as a trapeze artist and a lot of hungry lions. Incidentally, the camera plays some pretty smart tricks. As the girl who's a little too good to be true, Norma is incredibly believable. If she makes you believe in this sap heroine, she can make you believe anything. Charlie Mack works hard, but I can never decide whether he is impersonating Dick Barthelmess or John Barrymore. Altogether, Mr. Satan's circus isn't as much fun as some I've been to.

¶ *As a girl who is a little too good to be true, Norma Shearer is incredibly lovely.*

¶ *Delight Evans reviews all the important films for* SCREENLAND. *Her criticisms are just and no one takes greater joy in finding work well done or pictures that are pleasurable.*

Bill Colling's Review

"A very pretty little romance is developed in 'The Prince of Pilsen' with Anita Stewart and Allan Forrest as the romancers."

Evelyn Brent is the charming secret service agent who beats the crooks at their own game in "Secrets".

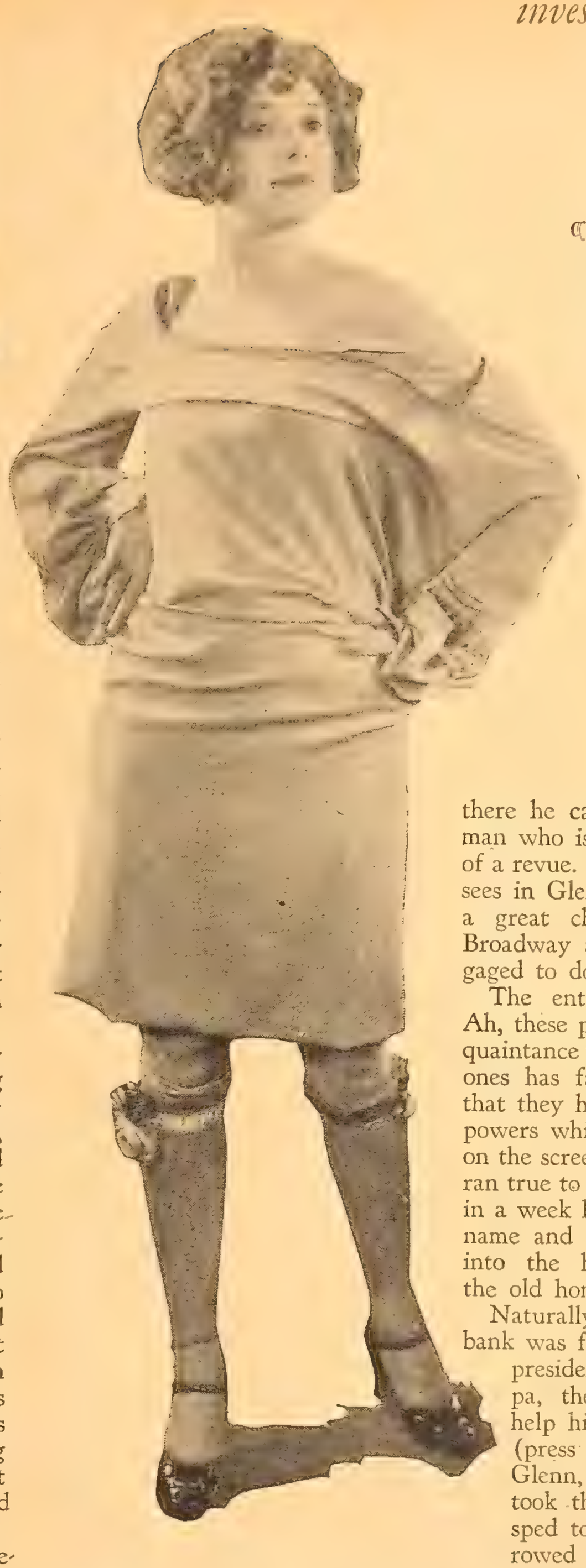
WHEN a fellow goes with a girl two or three times a week for six months and at the end of that time has to be content with holding her umbrella, he needs either a new "line" or a life membership in the Bachelors union. I'm not mentioning any names, but I know a lad who is about as much of a sheik as artichokes are like food. The only time he ever kissed a girl was when he paid five dollars for the privilege at a charity bazaar, and then all he got was a little peck that tasted like, and was just about as filling as, a marshmllow.

Now, this wild egg has the desire, all right, but it is a very much suppressed desire. The girls see to that! The trouble with him is that he hasn't the method to make the wish come true. So after thinking over all the ways and means that his kind but kidding friends suggested, he decided that he could learn more about love-making in a shorter time by studying the gentle passion at the movies than by reading Beatrice Fairfax for a month of Sundays. He picked out a few pictures at random, and this is what he saw.

The first one was a glorified western called "*Whispering Smith*". It's about a superintendent of a stretch of railroad out in the wild and woolly west, who runs afoul of a desperate gang of thugs and trainwreckers. The "master mind" (the rules of the scenario writers' union provided that there must be a

SCREENLAND'S nosey representative investigates the love motive·

¶ *Do you remember Moses in* "The Ten Commandments?" *He's come back in* "The Cat's Pajamas" — *Theodore Roberts is himself again.*



¶ *Madge Bellamy, with bobbed hair, is a brand new Madge — and makes 'Sandy' easily one of the best of the jazz family.*"

master mind in every crook picture) is a suave and manicured villain who, with his cousin (feminine) runs a large ranch near the RR. The cousin (feminine) thinks that the crooks are honest working men and that the handsome and stalwart superintendent is a mean, cruel thing when he calls in "Whispering Smith", a good bad man, to help him round up the gang.

Of course, all us hard-boiled moviegoers know that when a pretty girl spurns an honest (and handsome) young man in Reel 1, it's a cinch bet that he will suffer and she will relent in time for a heavy clinch at the end of Reel 7. But you couldn't expect my unsophisticated friend to know that, and so he was really thrilled and gratified when the hero, after slewing a number of assorted thugs and getting the girl out of a bad jam, went into a half-nelson with her for the final fade-out.

He was very silent when we left the projection room, and I noticed him casting fierce glances at the taxi drivers (the nearest approach to bad men, in looks at least, that we have on Broadway), so I gathered that the first lesson he'd learned from the films was to tote a gun and to make the girl love you by showing her what a fire-eater you are. Incidentally, he had a grand time seeing "Whispering Smith", and so will everybody who likes old fashioned melodrama and H. B. Warner's excellent acting; but from the standpoint of a lesson in love-making I had my doubts as to its practical value. Most of us can't always find a gang of tough eggs who are willing to let us puncture them to gain the heart and hand of the Only One. And darned few of us would if we could!

Seeing that an antidote was needed before my friend got into trouble with the cops, I took him to see "*The Broadway Boob*", a Glenn Hunter picture which is just as far removed from fire-eating as butter is from oleomargarine. In this one, Glenn and his odd smile leave the old home in the country and go to the big city where Glenn loses the smile when he can't get a job. An ad for an assistant janitor takes him to a theatre, and there he catches the eye of the man who is directing a rehearsal of a revue. This astute individual sees in Glenn and his hick ways a great chance to give jaded Broadway a laugh, so he is engaged to do a turn in the show.

The enters the press agent. Ah, these press agents! Long acquaintance with scores of real live ones has failed to convince me that they have the extraordinary powers which are given to them on the screen. However, this lad ran true to screen form and within a week he had spread Glenn's name and fame from Broadway into the hinterlands, including the old home town.

Naturally, when the village bank was faced with disaster, its president, who was Glenn's pa, thought the boy could help him from his enormous (press agent) salary. And Glenn, not to disillusion him, took the P. A. in tow and sped to the rescue in a borrowed Rolls Royce with a couple of valises filled with rocks. Naturally it all ended as good movies should, and there was a comedy twist that will make you laugh.

Now, as to the so-called love-interest, there was a girl in the old home town who just knew that Glenn was going to succeed. So when she read the press yarn about his triumphs, she hied herself to (*Continued on page* 82)

Margaret Livingston MODES

¶ *The reason young this year is to see*

OH, summer is the season for clothes!

Miss Livingston's two exquisitely lovely dresses are irresistible, of widely varying type. No combination ever conceived is more potent, more flattering to the wearer, than sheerest black chiffon with flesh chiffon. Flesh chiffon used in exactly the rights places if you will note and rhinestone trimming attracts and guides the eye to the skirt that has a fascinating way of its own.

When she feels in a demure, S. S. and G. (which means of course Sweet, Simple and Girlish) mood, she wears softest, supple taffeta, delicate as peach petals. And note again the hem, the hand of genius is shown in the hems of the summer modes. Few things are more intriguing than a glimpse of slim, silken knees through a net border. And scallops, scallops are the last whisper. Every dress of any pretense this season has scallops somewhere. Both the gowns Miss Livingston selected have scallops — in the hem — but charmingly and absolutely different in treatment.

¶ *Miss Margaret Livingston, now playing in* "Hell's Four Hundred".

¶ *A Brandt model is of sheer black chiffon with flesh chiffon and rhinestone trimming, in a shower of scalloped tabs at the hem.*

summer is coming the frocks of Margaret

Especially posed for
SCREENLAND
by
Margaret Livingston

Photographs from the Studio
of
LUCAS-KANARIAN.

¶ The gowns worn by Miss Livingston were supplied by Arnold Constable, Fifth Avenue, New York.

¶ *The filmy softness of scalloped net combined with lustrous, gold-sheen taffeta makes this delightful youthful frock for Miss Livingston.*

Photo by Irving Chidnoff

Kay Johnson who plays the leading feminine rôle in the Theatre Guild's production of "The Chief Thing".

The STAGE

Reviewed in this issue

"THE GIRL FRIEND"

"THE CHIEF THING"

"THE HALF-CASTE"

"BRIDE *of* THE LAMB"

"GHOSTS"

"GHOSTS"

MR. HENRIK IBSEN'S monthly contribution to the New York stage — and the feller is getting to be nearly as prolific as Owen Davis — is called "*Ghosts*" this time, and is visible at the Comedy Theatre on matinees. Jose Ruben plays *Oswald,* just as we saw him nine years ago. And yet, somehow, in spite of a competent cast that includes Lucile Watson, Edward Fielding, Hortense Alden and J. M. Kerrigan, the suspicion begins to dawn on us that "*Ghosts*" is not as great a play as the lit'ry departments of the various universities would have us think. To us, at any rate, "*Ghosts*" begins to date; we hear the wheels creak. And if Mr. Ibsen or his ghost wants to make anything out of it, our seconds will be glad to arrange things. We prefer swords, but pistols are all right.

"THE GIRL FRIEND"

THE combination of Hart, Rodgers and Fields in the musical comedy field threatens to become the menace that Messrs. Hart, Schaffner & Marx is to competing clothiers. The three boys, Larry Hart, Dick Rodgers and Herb Fields had a fairly definite hand in last year's "*Garrick Gaieties*", and will have an even more definite one this year; they are responsible for "*Dearest Enemy*", which, readers who remember such things will remember, we didn't care for but which The Public apparently does; and now comes "*The Girl Friend*" by the same inevitable three.

Well, "*The Girl Friend*" will do. Not, y'understand, that it is the greatest musical comedy in the world; but Herb has composed an adequate vehicle for the far-famed vaudeville team of Sam White and Eva Puck (Mrs. White to her friends) to strut their stuff. Dick Rodgers has dug up some brand new tunes, and Larry Hart has fashioned his polysyllabic rhymes for said music. Larry can rhyme anything — and occasionally does. June Cochrane, a young cutie who captured the town in "*Garrick Gaieties*", hasn't much to do, but adds her winsome charm. And Puck and White are genuinely funny.

"THE CHIEF THING"

THE Theatre Guild's latest opus, "*The Chief Thing*", was written by Nicolas Evreinoff and translated by Herman Bernstein and Leo Randole. It is an entertaining stunt presented in terms of Hokum-Hokum with a capital H, maybe, but nevertheless sure-fire Hokum.

Writing somewhat in the fine Italian hand of Pirandello, it is M. Evreinoff's contention that illusion in life makes for happiness. Those of you who saw the film version of "*The Enchanted Cottage*" suspected that what's the author of *that* was trying to say, too. But M. Evreinoff has chosen an unusual way to say it. He lets his chief character, played by McKay Morris, spin the wheels by hiring actors to maintain the illusion he wishes to create. And the actors don their paint and read their lines in the Theatre of Life, as the author likes to call it.

And into the staging of this theme, the Guild pours forth a gallon of hokum that it is suspected will keep happy that larger audience that the Guild says it doesn't care about. At any rate, our advice is to see it and have a good time, even if you don't understand it thoroughly. We're sure we didn't. But with actors running in and out of the audience, the atmosphere was for all the world that of a friendly night club run by Texas Guinan. Estelle Winwood, Edith Meiser, Henry Travers, Edward G. Robinson, Helen Westley and Dwight Frye are in the cast, so you know it's a good performance. Mr. Frye's make-up makes him look like Frank Sullivan, of the New York

COACH

Conducted by Morrie Ryskind

¶ *Walter Hampden as Cyrano in Rostand's delightful comedy* "Cyrano de Bergerac".

World, however, so we couldn't quite take his woes seriously.

"THE HALF-CASTE"

At the National Theatre, they are exhibiting — and exhibiting is a good word, now that we think of it— something or other called "*The Half-Caste*" and described on the program as "A Story of Love and Sacrifice in a Land of Forgotten Men". And it may as well be recorded now that "*The Half-Caste*" gave us a very pleasant night in the theatre.

¶ *Clairborne Foster who plays the quaint, whimsical, romantic heroine of* "The Patsy".

Photo by White Studio, N. Y.

¶ *Glenn Hunter in* "Young Woodley".

That is gave us this pleasant night, y'understand, was not wholly the fault of the author, one Jack McClellan. Mr. McClellan's dialogue is of the December, 1862, vintage, the time when "*East Lynne*" was first exposed to the New York multitudes. It fairly reeks with lines like "But the moonlight, the music, the call of the tropics—and you". And, so help us, one character described the South Seas as a "veritable Hades".

The suspicion is strong upon us that Mr. McClellan used to be a title writer for the movies. His story concerns itself with a young man of wealth who would give up all — "wealth, position, and friends" to quote Mr. McClellan—for the lure of a half-caste Kanaka girl. But just as everything is lost, it turns out that the half-caste girl is his half-sister. Whereupon the half-caste lady, whose name is *Tuana*, but whose *nom de stage* is Veronica, does another naked dance and kills herself and everybody lives happily ever after.

Four dancing girls are brought on in one episode to perform the native Charleston. Their lack of clothes is very amusing, whereas it was probably meant to be startling. The producer's thought was probably to seek some of the patronage that goes into the revues. He may get some, but if the show succeeds, it will be because New York has a sense of humor. If the show doesn't, it will be because New York has a sense of criticism.

"BRIDE OF THE LAMB"

Whatever you may think of "*Bride of the Lamb*" — and it is altogether probable that no two people will think exactly alike on it—it is almost a certainty that it puts Alice Brady, that same little Alice that graced the screen not so long ago, into the very front row of American actresses. If Jane Cowl and Miss Cornell and June Walker will mind moving up just a little bit—oh, thank you. Right this way, Miss Brady.

As for what we think of the show—and you boys and girls are supposed to be interested—we think it's a fine and dramatic affair. It dives head first into Freud and comes out with something real and important. This William Hurlbut, who wrote it, is no newcomer to the stage. He wrote "Lilies of the Field", a briliant and Rabelaisian affair that had as witty dialogue as anything we have seen in years; then he wrote "Chivalry", which we thought a good and sincere piece of work, though the public paid no attention to it. And now comes "Bride of the Lamb", an ex-

(*Continued on page* 82)

The OLD SOAK

¶ *Jean Hersholt as "The Old Soak" bubbles with a philosophy that Volstead never knew.*

¶ *June Marlowe and George Lewis. The boy in trouble finds sober people less forgiving than weaker humans.*

Directed by Edward Sloman

CLEM HAWLEY	*Jean Hersholt*
MATILDA HAWLEY	*Lucy Beaumont*
AL, THE BOOTLEGGER	*George Siegmann*
COUSIN WEBSTER	*William V. Mong*
LUCY HAWLEY	*June Marlowe*
CLEM HAWLEY, JR.	*George Lewis*

¶ *This classic of intemperance by Don Marquis makes even the bootlegger loveable.*

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Ranson's Folly

¶ *Lieutenant Ranson (Richard Barthelmess) who impersonates the "Red Rider" and holds up the stage coach with a pair of scissors — on a dare.*

¶ *A young devil-may-care officer laughs at fear until he sees it in the eyes of a girl.*

Directed by Sidney Olcott

LIEUT. RANSON . *Richard Barthelmess*
MARY CAHILL . *Dorothy Mackaill*
CAHILL . . . . *Anders Randols*
LIEUT. CROSBY . *William Norton Bailey*
LIEUT. CURTIS . . *Brooks Benedict*

¶ *Mary Cahill (Dorothy Mackaill) whose faith in Ranson is unmoved even when things look blackest.*

¶ *Mary's father assumes the blame when he learns of Mary's love for Ranson.*

AN INSPIRATION PICTURE

PRE-SHOWING OF

OLD *Loves and*

¶ *Lord Gervas Carew (Lewis Stone) after granting his wife's divorce, devotes himself to the desert natives and aims to forget civilization*

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

NEW

¶ *Lord Geradine (Walter Pidgeon) to his wife's intense disgust, finds diversion among the natives.*

¶ *Against his will, the Desert Healer finds himself falling in love with Lady Geradine whom he has rescued from some Arab outlaws.*

¶ *In the desert the memory of one woman is lost in the beauty of another.*

Directed by Maurice Tourneur

LORD GERVAS CAREW . . . . . *Lewis Stone*
LADY GERADINE . . . . . *Barbara Bedford*
ELINOR . . . . . *Katherine MacDonald*
LORD CLYDE GERADINE .. . . *Walter Pidgeon*

Silken SHACKLES

¶ *Denise (Irene Rich), the incurable, irrepressible flirt of a wife.*

¶ *Denise (Irene Rich), is fascinated by the young violinist—until her husband introduces his peasant family at one of her dinner parties.*

¶ *Could a gay flirtatious American teach wicked Budapest new tricks?*

¶ *Tade Adrian (Victor Varconi) one of Denise's victims in Budapest.*

Directed by Walter Morosco

DENISE LAKE	*Irene Rich*
HOWARD LAKE	*Huntly Gordon*
LORD FAIRCHILD	*Bert Marburgh*
TADE ADRIAN	*Victor Varconi*

A WARNER BROTHERS PICTURE

¶ *Little Clara Bow is playing around dangerously near the edge of stardom—Paramount threatens to push her over in* "Mantrap". *Hurray!*

¶ *A First National constellation — Dorothy Mackaill and Mary Astor called on Colleen Moore on the* "Ella Cinders" *set.*

A real turnout of the stars greeted the premiere of Henry King's fine picture, "*Stella Dallas*", at the Forum Theater this month.

Rupert Hughes was master of ceremonies, but his satirical introductions failed to please the audience, which had been really moved by the film.

Belle Bennett, the Stella Dallas of the film, received an ovation which has not been equalled in recent months. An interesting coincidence to me was that the actress was accompanied to the theater by Vera Gordon, who, a few years ago, likewise won overnight fame in a mother rôle, that of the Jewish mother in the never-to-be-forgotten "*Humoresque*".

The shyness of Lois Moran was very appealing as she rose to greet the applause of the audience for her performance as Stella Dallas' daughter.

And, for a fact, Doug Fairbanks Jr. has the very smile of his father. He rose and beamed at the crowd as the spotlight searched him out, while his mother sat proudly smiling up at him.

Just in front sat Charlie Chaplin, who offered his congratulations, while an usher brought a cablegram from Doug Sr., then on the high-seas

Among the dozens of other congratulatory wires received at the Chaplin home and studio was one from Doug and Mary: "Dear Lita and Charlie. We are delighted. Would love to see new fellow. Have little Spencer write us what he thinks about it all. Know how happy you both must be. Give them both our love. . . . Mary and Doug."

Hardly had the excitement caused in Hollywood by the arrival of Charlie's heir subsided, before Mrs. Monte Blue sent news to the world from the Good Samaritan Hospital that Barbara Ann Blue had been born.

Another case where the stork got the babies mixed. Monte and Teve wanted a boy, and they had picked out the name Monte Jr., naturally. But they, too, are content. Barbara Ann weighed eight pounds and was born at ten thirty in the morning. They say she resembles her beautiful mother.

The best of it is there's more yet. Just the day before Barbara Ann was born, Mrs. Jason Robards, wife of the former stage actor now playing at Warner Brothers in "*The Footloose Widow*", presented her husband with a son, weighing 8 pounds and 9 ounces.

Mrs. Robards and Mrs. Blue received dozens of bouquets of flowers from Warner Brothers, while the two fathers brought cigars for everyone. The Robards have another son, Jason Jr.

¶ *George Bancroft in his salty headgear for* "Old Ironsides".

¶ *Charlie Chaplin follows his regular system of picking unknowns and making them famous — here's his newest potential star — Merna Kennedy, Charlie's leading lady in* "The Circus".

Work ceased immediately when Grantland Rice and Ring Lardner descended upon Norman Kerry on the "Love Thief" set—I mean, they didn't do any more work.

PATSY RUTH MILLER and Donald Ogden Stewart, the humorist, used to be seen together a great deal in Hollywood, and people kidded them about being engaged.

So when Don recently announced his engagement to a Santa Barbara society girl he met in Europe, he sent Pat the following telegram:

"No suicide now; that would just be silly."

Pat, who tells the story, says she wired back: "You be good to that little girl, or I will tell all."

When anybody in Hollywood tells you that Pat is engaged, he is just like the boy who cried "wolf!" Pat apparently doesn't take her romances very seriously.

Julia Faye as the wicked little Tartar in "The Volga Boatman" — makes a big hit.

Raymond Griffith and Papa Costello's "other little gal" Helene in "Wet Paint".

At present she is going with Aldrich Peck, young society man of Los Angeles. The Pecks have introduced Pat into the social whirl and she seems to like it. On the set the other day she told me she is helping write a story which will be produced in an amateur fashion with a society cast. Pat will be the only professional involved. No sets will be used, only exteriors.

DON BLANDING, Leatrice Joy's poet from Honolulu, has captured the film colony. He made his debut in an Hawaiian Luau (festival) taking place at Leatrice's home.

Since then he has become a lion, although confessedly in search of material to write a book about Hollywood. Being a caricaturist as well as a poet, he has made several sketches of the film folk.

Another of his charms is his proficiency in the hula. For the first time the Charleston experts are beginning to lose a little of their insouciance.

Blanding teaches the Hawaiian dance from motion pictures of the natives which he brought over. He also interprets the movements as they evolved from native tradition. The star pupils find poetic beauty in the dance under his tutelage.

"DAT ole davil sea," as old Chris called it in "*Anna Christie*" has nearly exacted toll from two motion picture companies on sea location within the last few weeks.

The first was Metropolitan's "*Shipwrecked*" company, which narrowly escaped death in a storm on the way from Catalina to the mainland.

The latest, also a near tragedy, involved Jim Cruze's company making "*Old Ironsides*". The party battled a blinding rainstorm and heavy wind for eighteen hours before they could make Los Angeles Harbor.

And at the very end of the hazardous journey, the tug to which the four-masted schooner with its cargo of 125 persons was

Dainty little Laura La Plante, all bedecked in "jools" for her part in "Her Big Night".

¶ "In Praise of James Carabine" —*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have squared off a ring for Ralph Graves, who plays the title rôle.*

attached, developed engine trouble, and the schooner started drifting towards the reefs.

Red flares were burned and these distress signals were relayed by ships in the harbor to the tug company which dispatched another tug to the aid of the schooner. It arrived in the very nick of time, the engine of the first tug refusing to haul its lead, just as the relief beat hitched on.

Three women, Esther Ralston, Dorothy Arzner, the film cutter, and Lenore Sabine, hair-dresser, underwent this thrilling experience, and strangely enough none of them suffered from sea-sickness.

The mortality among the men passengers was very heavy, however. Wally Beery, one of the few who escaped, made motion pictures with his portable camera of each member of the cast as he approached the rail. Unfortunately the light was not sufficient for the victims to be recognized in the developed film.

¶ *Kathryn Perry (Mrs. Owen Moore in private life), tries to teach her new pet to do a "Rin-Tin-Tin".*

Hence a famous actor sitting at my table, hearing J. Stewart Blackton say he wondered why so many big figures in the industry have been small men, suggested: "I know, because they have been trimmed so often."

Henry MacRae, who is at this writing general manager at Universal City, drew continuous titters from the banqueters by referring to the Universal Product as "Universal Fillums".

It was left to Bert Lytell to commit the inevitable faux-pas. Unaware that the Sheriff of Los Angeles County was an honor guest

(*Continued on page* 80)

One advantage to ten-dollar-a-plate banquets, such as the one given to Carl Laemmle at the Ambassador on the occasion of his twentieth anniversary, is that a guest feels he is free to wise-crack a little without fracturing too many rules of etiquette.

They Say

By MARION of HOLLYWOOD

SIX A. M., and pouring so hard that it's a shame Mr. Cecil B. DeMille hasn't already started on his latest thousand dollar idea, "*The Deluge*"! How I'm ever going to get out to Universal for a much-needed day's work is beyond the breadth of my imagination. I'm not half as sorry about myself, though, as I am about the little girl next door. She has had "Hollywooditis" for many, many months, and today is the first time she has ever been "called" to do her stuff, "provided the weather is clear". It rained yesterday, and all she did during the whole of the afternoon was come to the door and then call back into the house: "Oh, Mother, *don't* you think it will stop before tomorrow morning?" Better luck next time, Agnes — you know it's just *gotta* shine some time soon.

* * *

¶ *John Barrymore certainly took his work in* "The Sea Beast" *seriously. He went fishing off the coast of Mexico and caught this* 190*-pound Marlin Swordfish.*

¶ *General Manager of all the Harold Lloyd interests and the chief reason why Harold will not work overtime — Little Mildred Gloria.*

WHAT do *you* think about bobbed-hair going out of style? On a big set the other day, one of Hollywood's most successful motion-picture fashion experts, who has just returned from the gay Paris, announced that said gay Paris is putting thumbs down on the shorn tresses —after this, we shall again behold woman vamping the stronger sex as did the Lorelei of old, with her long, bright tresses practically sweeping the floor. What do you think about it? Do you suppose we'll ever listen to that new Parisian decree? I really would like to know, because it seems to me I'll never let my "crowning glory" bow my head down and take up hours of my time again. When I'm old and gray, hoop-de-diddling my grandchildren on my knees, I feel my goldy-locks will still be numbered among those funny things called pantaloons, and bustles, and beautiful birdies perched upon an unsuspecting hat.

* * *

THE grand opening of "*Stella Dallas*" was this month, with all the stars turning out, as usual, to do honor to Director Henry King — a grand affair. Oh, sure, Doug, Jr., Lois Moran, Belle Bennett and Jean Hersholt were there. Ronald Colman couldn't come because he was away on his "*Beau Geste*" location. Of course, the opening really wasn't unusual, except that it's always a lot of fun. But it did one great thing for me. About eight months ago, when Henry King was "shooting" the picture, Doug, Jr., came continually to call upon me. And every time friend Doug appeared, out of the nowhere something struck me — first in the face, then in the neck, and around the ankles—with both of us looking in back and in front and all over the place to see where it came from. Alas, friend Doug, though your future be promising and your mustache becoming, just wait, young scamp, until I lay my wrathful hands on you! "*Stella Dallas*" has given you away, and your punishment shall fall upon you, as your bee-bee shot fell upon poor, unsuspecting me!

¶ *Yes, indeed, Pathe's gang's all here! Mickey Daniels, Mary Kornman and Johnny Downs are leaning over the top and Fatty Joe Cobb is supporting Jackie Condon, Farina and Jay Smith.*

realize exactly what we get from moving pictures that we'll never, never know or hear about? That may sound funny, but it's prompted by a conversation on "*The Love Thief*" set at Universal City. "*The Love Thief*" is a Russian thing, and among us was a man in Russian uniform, whose very bearing marked him different from the rest. I asked about him, and found that he was technical director for the production. Later I was introduced to him — General Alexander Ikonnekoff, of the Russian Imperial Guard. His face looked rather stern and perhaps world-worn, and sort of weary, and his story reminded me of what a glorious thing it is for me—and all of us—to be able to claim the good old U. S. A. as home.

This man had been through worse than death. From Russia and the Imperial Guard, with his mother and father, two brothers and sister, he had been exiled to Siberia, and there thrown into a dungeon, sentenced to death. Of the entire family, he is the only one who escaped that death, who fought his way through every nameable terror and untold misery, into safety. He isn't thirty yet, but you'd agree that he looks forty. He "carries" on through memories, I guess. As I stood there beside him in the midst of the make-believe kingdom, with scarcely two feet between us, how far away from me he seemed to be, how small our kick that we were working thirty minutes overtime. Why, compared to what he's felt and suffered, I realized how immeasurably tiny are our silly picture woes. Here's to him! And may Hollywood — our own America — welcome his kind and promise them rest.

* * *

Now that "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is going to be made into a movie, I might as well tell the whole world that I, little me, is a *very* personal friend of Mr. R. Beers Loos, the father of Anita Loos, the authoress! And so good a friend of mine is he that I get a Christmas card from him always, and he calls me "Marion", by my first name, always. To go on with my story, Mr. Loos is somewhat fond of his little daughter, Anita, and between you and me, he thinks there isn't quite such another girl anywhere around the whole universe. I'm not going to argue that with him, particularly since he has loaned me his own personal, autographed copy of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes". And now I'm going to let you in on a secret! Every single day since

¶ *William Collier, Jr. steps out of his sporty roadster every morning and into this ancient Persian atmosphere for* "The Golden Journey".

¶ *Ena Gregory has been added to the long list of Universal players. What beautiful — eyes!*

I've had that book, in a kind of "well, it's a nice day" manner, Anita's Daddy comes around to talk to me, and every single day I tell him how good that "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is. I told him I don't have much time to read and that it may take me quite a while to finish the book, but he says that's okay — I can have it as long as I like. He reads me parts of Anita's letters, too, and he puffs out his chest with pride at all her great success. I've read a lot of books, and heard a lot of songs, and seen a lot of pictures about mother, but if fathers ever do get a look-in, allow me to present candidate No. 1, Anita Loos's Daddy, walking on air, living his life right over again in her.

* * *

ONCE again the movies have had me in school and have given me "larnin' ". Do you know what's been troubling them most on the "*Beau Geste*" location? Some of the actors revolted — got Bolshevik! It was the greatest surprise to me, because I just never knew before that camels and horses are enemies. Yessir, they won't come within a mile of each other — I mean, they don't want to come within a mile of each other, and when they do get that close together, they know it and balk. In Arizona, where the company is, the horses' corral is built at least a mile from where the camels are and Herbert Brenon is having a terrible time trying to get the movie stuff of them he needs. I've heard somebody say something about a mile and a camel but I didn't know it was a horse.

* * *

IF only I'd been quick enough at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer yesterday, Sir Raleigh might have been mine! With the rain coming down as in the days of old Noah, I was standing on the corner wondering how I should

¶ *Here's little Vera Reynolds as "Sunny Ducrow" her first starring picture — All Hail to Vera!*

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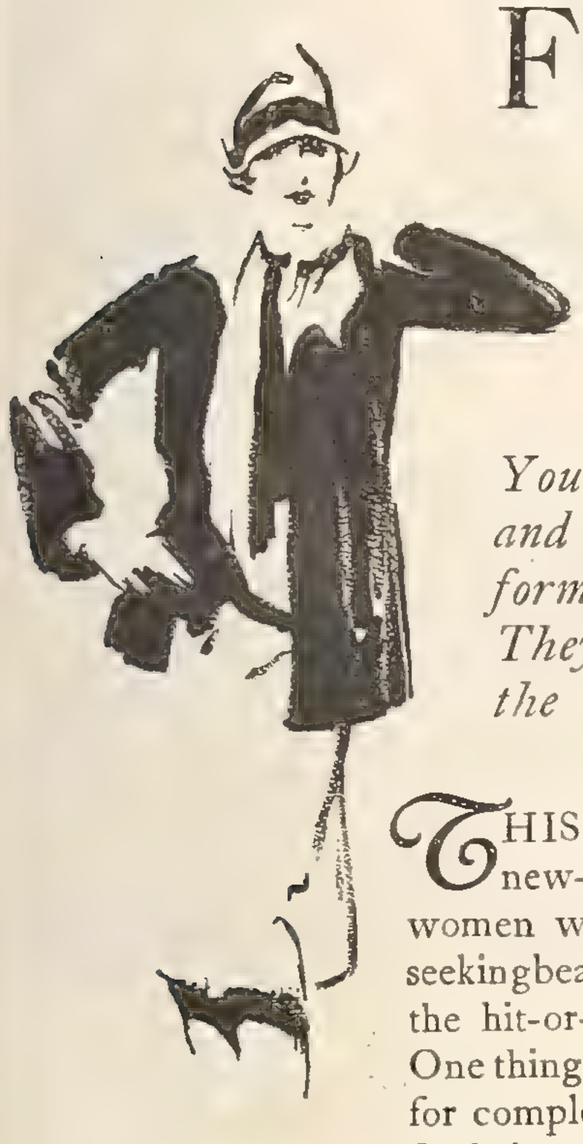

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These five unusual beauty-aids came from the knowledge and science of Antoinette Donnelly, America's most noted authority on beauty.

Millions of girls and women profit, daily, by her counsel. Her beauty advice appears in leading newspapers, in favorite magazines.

And these are Antoinette Donnelly's *own* beauty helps! Her own exact formulas, which have brought new loveliness to millions.

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Miss Donnelly bases everything upon skin-cleanliness. *Thorough* cleanliness. She knows that exceptional soap, specially prepared for mildness, *must* be used. And *also* a cream that will *penetrate*.

Now she gives you *both*. Her exquisite LOVELY SKIN SOAP—which actually contains a scientific percentage of genuine cleansing cream! It is *most* thorough—yet amazingly mild and beneficial.

Then there is her own LOVELY COMPLEXION CREAM. Cleanses and clears the skin—*softens it to bewitching smoothness.* And, in addition, *nourishes* delicate tissues—*wards off* wrinkles. "This is all that any one needs" says Miss Donnelly. "More creams are useless, often harmful."

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* * * *

In her LOVELY SKIN LOTION Miss Donnelly provides a new way to whiten and soften your hands. *Quickly*, at *any* time, despite daily tasks that rob hands of dainty, feminine charm.

The final loveliness!

But of them all, you will perhaps be most delighted with Miss Donnelly's LOVELY COLD-CREAM FACE POWDER. You have never known anything like it. Tints are exquisitely matched to types of natural coloring. It stays on, beautifully, through a whole evening of dancing.

There is no crude, artificial look. Just a satiny, *natural* loveliness! And, while it gives your skin new allure, it also *protects* the sensitive tissue.

Send no money

All these beauty-aids, prepared by Miss Donnelly's own formulas, are now offered you—in a dainty golden "BOX OF BEAUTY." Seven articles (see list)—all full-size—charming packages. Use them. In a week or so the results, *increased loveliness*, will surprise you. If not, you pay *nothing!*

Simply fill in and mail the coupon. Don't send money. The golden "BOX OF BEAUTY" will be mailed—in plain, unmarked wrapping. When postman brings it, pay him $2.97 (plus a few pennies postage). Money refunded unless results delight you.

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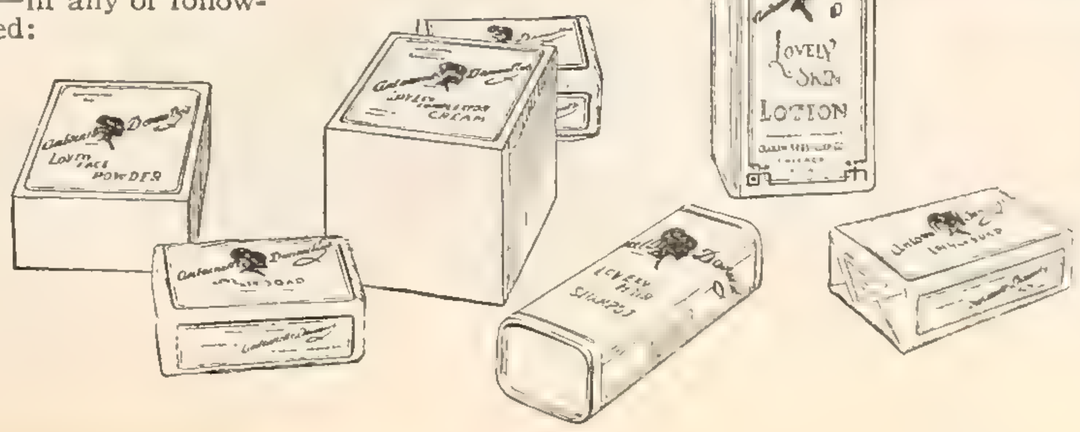

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Send me—in plain wrapping—ANTOINETTE DONNELLY'S golden BOX OF BEAUTY: containing the seven articles described in ad. I also receive, free, the Secret Gift (retail value 50c). I am to pay postman $2.97, plus few cents postage. (Print name and address, please)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Tint of Face Powder Wanted .....
(See list of tints given elsewhere)

ever cross the knee-deep, flooded street. Right beside of me stood another fair one, in the exact same predicament. I kept quiet, while my companion voiced her protests, loudly calling for a plank to get her safely o'er the wildly rushing stream. Two gallants saw the helpless creature, and started looking for her needed bridge. But — lo and behold — Sir Walter, returning since those ages long ago, in 1926 fashion suddenly plucked the startled one from off her watery place, and landed her, safe and sound, beyond the edge of the pool. With a tip of the hat, nor a look around, away went this unusual young man. And as the two with the planks came laboring back, that wicked creature turned around to me, lifted her saucy brown eyes toward the sky, and gently sighed in ecstasy, "Oh, it was Ramon! Ramon! Wasn't it just like a picture, how he carried me over?" (Ed. query — Marion, are you getting plump?)

* * *

"This is the day they give babies away
With a half a pound of tea" —

and that day seems to come in Hollywood at least twice every month. Didn't Agnes Ayres buy "a half a pound of tea" and get a little daughter, and didn't the grocer bring a brand new boy when Lita Grey Chaplin ordered Charlie's afternoon tea? Then another baby who has come to Hollywood this month and didn't come via the grocer is Mary Hay Barthelmess. That little imp has come to Hollywood to stay with her Daddy. (*Continued on page 80*)

℄ *Vilma Banky and Rudolph Valentino in "Son of the Sheik". All those who remember "The Sheik" will welcome this colorful sequel to it.*

WINNERS IN THE MARCH CONTESTS

The fan letter contests of March have been awarded and the gifts have been sent.

Dorothy Mackaill's watch was won by

Miss Lucy Fitch
Logan County
Napoleon, North Dakota

Miss Fitch's original letter among the thousands received was selected as the best for its sincerity and charm.

The Alberta Vaughn dress was won by

Miss Hattie Gibson
Box 215, Rogers, Texas

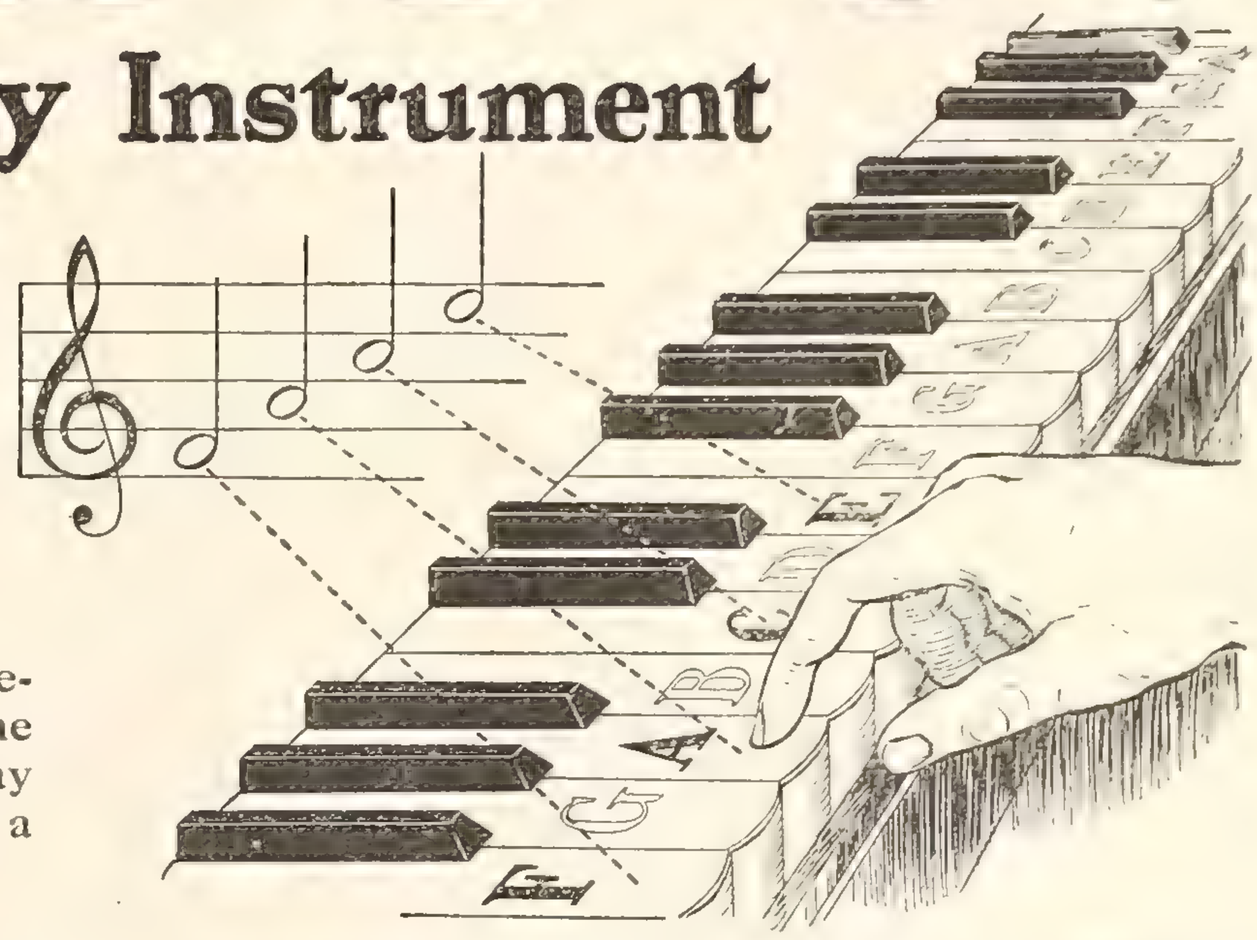
for her excellent letter.

SCREENLAND congratulates these winners, not alone on their valuable winnings but on their skill at expressing on paper their personal viewpoints. Individuality is the basis of charm and letter-writing is one of the severest tests of personal poise.

℄ *At last* — "Romeo and Juliet" *with Mary Philbin as Juliet and Andre Mattoni as Romeo.*

Easy as A–B–C !

You Can Play Any Instrument In a Few Months This Delightful New Easy Way!



Quickest because natural and pleasant. Grateful students say they learn in a *fraction* of the time old dull methods required. You play *direct from the notes.* And the cost is only a *few cents a lesson!*

LEARNING music is no longer a difficult task. If you can read the alphabet, you can now quickly learn to play ur favorite instrument! That's actually *ue.* A delightful new method has made positively *easy* to become a capable performer within just a few *months.* And the st is only a *fraction* of what people used spend on the old, slow methods!

You don't need a pri- te teacher, this new ay. You study entirely home, in the privacy your own room, with one to interrupt or barrass you. Practice lot or a little, as you e, according to your sire to get ahead — d *enjoy every minute it!* For, strange as may seem, the new ethod is *agreeable* as ell as *rapid!*

ou Needn't Know a Thing About Music To Take This Pleasant, Rapid Course

Even if you don't know one note from nother now, you can easily grasp each ear, inspiring lesson of this surprising urse. The things you must know are resented in such a concise, graphic way, at even a child can understand them — t not a minute is lost on unnecessary tails. You instantly "get" the real meang of musical notation, time, automatic nger control and harmony.

The lessons are delightful- *human.* You *like* them. ou get ahead fast because erything you have to do is *reasonable* and so *pleast.* Even scale practice, the d bugaboo, is reduced to a inimum and made interestg! And almost before you alize your progress, you be- n playing real tunes and elodies instead of just ales. Thus the course *inrests* you all the time — *spires* you—*encourages* you.

o Tricks or Stunts —You earn from "Regular" Music

Yes, the new way teaches ou to play from *notes,* just like the best musicians do. There are no trick "numbers," no "memory stunts". When you finish the U. S. School of Music course, you can pick up any piece of regular printed music and *understand* it! Think what that means. You'll be able to *read* music, popular and classic, and *play it from the notes.* You'll acquire a lifelong ability to please your friends, amuse yourself, and, if you like, make money (musicians are highly paid for their pleasant work.)

The Surest Way to Be Popular and Have a Good Time

Do you sit "on the sidelines" at a party? Are you out of it because you can't play? Many, many people are! It's the *musician* who claims attention. If you play, you are *always in demand.* Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

Never before have you had such a chance as this to become a musician—a really good player on your chosen instrument—without the deadly drudging and expense that were such drawbacks before. At last, you can start right in and get *somewhere* quickly, cheaply, thoroughly.

How You Learn Any Instrument So Easily This Way

The amazing success of students who take the U. S. School course is largely due to a wonderful newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are *told* how a thing is done, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The admirable lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not *entirely plain,* you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

PROOF!

"I am making excellent progress on the 'cello — and owe it all to your easy lessons." **George C. Lauer, Belfast, Maine.**

"I am now on my 12th lessons and can already play simple pieces. I knew nothing about music when I started." **Ethel Harnishfeger, Fort Wayne, Ind.**

"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of music I wish. My friends are astonished. I now play at church and Sunday School." **Turner B. Blake, Harrisburg, Ill.**

"Your lessons are the easiest way I know of learning to play. I am delighted with them." **Mary P. Williams, Gest, Texas.**

Whether you take up piano, violin, 'cello, organ, saxophone or *any other* instrument you find that every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always *practical.* Little theory — plenty of *accomplishment.* That's why students of this course get ahead *twice as fast — three times as fast*—as those who study old-time plodding methods! Read some of the letters on this page and see for yourself. They don't guarantee that *every one* can become a good player in three or four months; but they are written by people who didn't know any more about playing when they started the U. S. course than you do now. (Note that if you *do* know something about music now, the U. S. School of Music grades you and instructs you accordingly.)

Learn To Play By Note

Piano	'Cello
Organ	Harmony and Composition
Violin	Sight Singing
Drums and Traps	Ukulele
Plectrum Banjo	Guitar
5 String Banjo	Hawaiian
Tenor Banjo	Steel Guitar
Mandolin	Harp
Clarinet	Cornet
Flute	Piccolo
Saxophone	Trombone

Voice and Speech Culture
Automatic Finger Control
Piano Accordion

Send Now for the Free Book that Makes You a Special Offer

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course can not be told on this page. So a booklet has been printed—"Music Lessons in Your Own Home." You can have a copy absolutely *free* for the trouble of filling out the coupon below—and in the booklet you will find a special offer that makes the U. S. course available to you at a *very low price*—if you act promptly. With it will be sent a Demonstration Lesson which explains better than words how delightfully quick and easy this wonderful new method is. There is a good reason for this big reduction, as you will see on reading the booklet, but since the special offer reduces the lessons to a *few cents each,* we want only people who are seriously interested to take advantage of it! If you are really anxious to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon *now—today.* Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 3226 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

Please write name and address plainly so that there will be no difficulty in booklet reaching you.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
3226 Brunswick Building, New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

.....

Have you above instrument?.....

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State .....

The Center Part Marcel is one of the most favored for younger girls.

Now you your hair in 30

This type of Marcel looks best with the shingle bob.

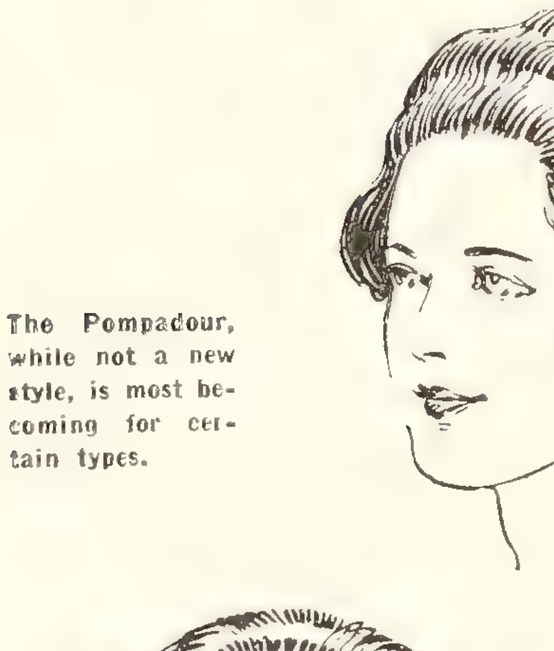
The Marvelous Marcellers give most beautiful results — equal to the expert work of finest beauty parlors — in 30 minutes at your convenience, for two or three cents instead of dollars. Be sure you read every line of this wonderful offer

Here is another favorite of the younger girls — the Side Part Marcel.

Here is *news* — good news — *glorious* news! You now may have, in the privacy of your boudoir, such a marcel as only the finest beauty parlors could give you heretofore — the newest, smartest, most fashionable marcel direct from Paris. And at practically no expense! Look at the photographs on right hand page. They are actual photographs of a marcel produced by an amazing new invention. Look at the drawings to the left. They show only a few of the many different styles of marcels you can easily have with this new waving device. For it will give you any kind of marcel you want, regardless of how you wear your hair — shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave, pompadour, center or side part. And this, too, whether your hair is easy or hard to wave, whether it is soft and fluffy or coarse and straight, whether it is long or "bobbed." Think what a saving this will mean to you in dollars and cents! Instead of $1 or $1.50 every time you want a marcel, now you can have one for two or three cents! But the saving of money isn't nearly so important as the added loveliness it means. With a set of Marvelous Marcellers you can always look as if you just stepped out of the beauty parlor! No going around with a week-old marcel; no straight and straggly locks to detract from the beauty that is rightfully yours. Just a few minutes with your Marvelous Marcellers once or twice a week—that's all you need. Soon your hair will be *trained* to hold the kind of marcel you like and you'll have a lovely, *natural* wave *all the time!*

Now is when you need it most

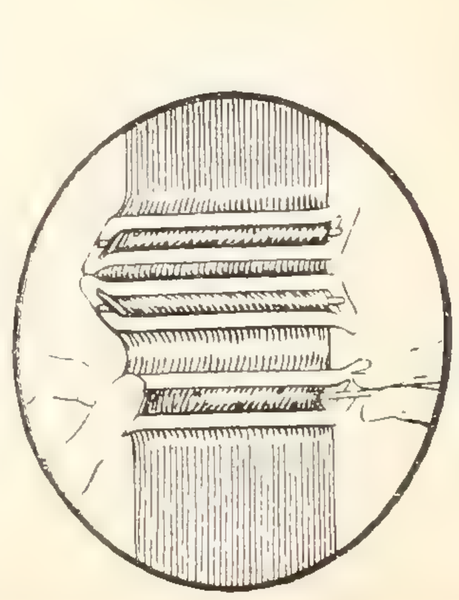
The summer social season is on. With the many games, beach parties, sports and outings that most girls attend at this time of the year, the need for looking one's best is greater than at any other time. And "looking one's best" these days means keeping your hair marcelled in a beautiful, becoming way. No other feature is half so important to looks as your hair. Nothing



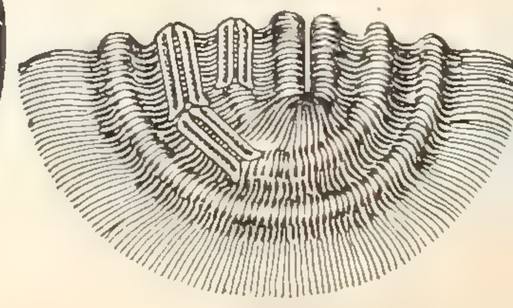
The Pompadour, while not a new style, is most becoming for certain types.

Marcelling your hair with the Marvelous Marcellers is both simple and fascinating. First you moisten the hair with water. Then the hair strands are brought through a specially designed loop and caught in place with a metal pin. The hair is thus held in "waves" from 15 to 30 minutes until dry, when you take the marcellers out—and there is the most beautiful marcel you ever saw!

The Horseshoe Wave is very chic and charming. All these styles and many others can be obtained with the Marvelous Marcellers.



With our Marcel Fashion Chart to guide you, it is a simple matter to get any type or style of marcel you want with the Marvelous Marcellers—side part, center part, horseshoe wave, Ina Claire or shingle "bob," pompadour, etc. Detailed drawings show how to apply the Marcellers for each style. The Style Chart also contains suggestions for selecting the kind of marcel most becoming to your type of beauty.



can marcel yourself at home minutes

lo more to enhance your loveliness than utiful marcel; nothing can detract more your looks than straight, straggly, un- t hair. Every girl owes it to herself to the most of "woman's crowning ."

KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers
425 South Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute,
Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Marvelous Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Marvelous Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) EDWARD J. COOK.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926.
EMMA W. STOLZENBACH
Notary Public.

Get Your Set of Marvelous Marcellers for only $2.98

As this is the most revolutionary invention of the kind ever produced, we believe it will be but a short time before hundreds of thousands of these Marvelous Marcellers will be beautifying women all over the country. In order to speed that day, we are offering the first 10,000 sets at a price that hardly covers the cost of making, packing, advertising and selling—only $2.98 for the entire outfit. This includes a new and authentic marcel fashion chart and a complete set of Marvelous Marcellers.

By taking advantage of this special offer right away you will be getting, for the cost of two or three marcels, everything you need to keep your hair beautifully marcelled the whole year round. And your hair will not only look better all the time, but will be kept in a much healthier condition, due to the elimination of the harmful artificial heat.

SEND NO MONEY — *Just Mail the Coupon*

Even at this special price, you don't have to pay for this marcelling outfit in advance, nor do you need risk a single penny. All you do is sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit $2.98 with him, (plus a few cents postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcels again.

After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for five days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon **today!**

MAISON DE BEAUTÉ
711 Quincy St. Chicago, Illinois

COUPON

Maison de Beauté,
711 Quincy Street, Dept. 8, Chicago, Illinois.
Gentlemen:
Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including Marcel Style Chart and set of Marvelous Marcellers. I agree to deposit $2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within five days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name .....

Address .....
NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose $3.00 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

e diagrams will give you some idea the Marvelous Marcellers work. Al- gh they produce the most astonishing ts, still their application is the simplest in the world. With each outfit is in- d a Style Chart showing the newest most fashionable types of marcels. All need do is select from the chart the of marcel you like best, follow the e directions for that particular kind of el and soon you have all the Marcellers ace. Then you can finish dressing or while the hair dries. In 20 to 30 min- you take out the Marcellers and—there most beautiful marcel you ever had in life!

s, it hardly seems possible to marcel hair so naturally and beautifully with tle fuss and bother—but mirrors don't Your trusted mirror tells you that there e kind of marcel e always wanted — wonderful, wavy mar- hich makes the most our natural beauty. your mirror will go day after day, week week, telling you this glad news!

Hot Irons Ever uch Your Hair This Way

ver in the entire his- of hair and beauty re has there been ing like this amazing invention. It does with the old-fash- curlers and so-called ers". It does away the dangerous curling irons that sear the hair and dry the scalp. It does away with all the muss and bother of the old-fashioned water waving combs.

If you have had a "permanent" wave and are now experiency the usual trouble keeping your hair in shape; if your hair is unusually hard to wave; if you seem to have more trouble with your hair than any of the other girls you know, then you'll appreciate the Marvelous Marcellers all the more. For, regardless of the kind of hair you have, they will positively give you the most beautiful marcel you can imagine. We guarantee this without any reservations and let you be the sole judge.

Before putting this Marcelling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

MISS M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Marvelous Marcellers I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

MISS K. W., Chicago: I have had my hair marcelled so much that it was beginning to get terribly dry and scraggly. Since I have quit applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining its old lustre and beauty. I think your marcelling outfit is wonderful.

MRS. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Marvelous Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

Clear Up Your Skin

Freckles are a handicap, both to good looks and social popularity. Get rid of them. They are needless. You can remove them secretly, quickly, surely—and no one will ever know how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream, *double action*, not only dissolves away freckles, but whitens, refines and beautifies your skin. After using this snowy-white magical cream, your skin will be soft and white, clear and transparent. Results guaranteed.

At all druggists 50¢ and $1.
Try it tonight.

Stillman's Freckle Cream *Double Action*
REMOVES FRECKLES
WHITENS THE SKIN

FREE COUPON

The Stillman Co.,
8 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
I would like your FREE booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets," telling all about make-up and skin treatment used by stage stars.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Stop Whiskey

Wonderful Treatment Helped Faithful Wife to Save Husband When All Else Failed.

The Happy Reunion

Try it Free

Wives, mothers, sisters, it is you that the man who drinks Whiskey, Wine or Beer to excess must depend upon to save him from a ruined life and a drunkard's grave. Take heed from the thousand sof men going to ruin daily through vile bootlegger's Whiskey, and the horrible stuff called home brew from private stills. Once he gets it in his system he can't stop—but you can save him. All you have to do is to send your name and address and we wil send absolutely FREE, in plain wrapper, a trial package of GOLDEN TREATMENT. You will be thankful as long as you live that you did it. Address

DR. J. W. HAINES CO.
704 Glenn Building Cincinnati, Ohio

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our **Twelve-Hour Talent-Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude**, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE.

FILM BUREAU Station 5 Jackson, Mich.

Greta Garbo, charming new Swedish star, will be cast opposite John Gilbert in "The Undying Past" *after she finishes* "The Temptress".

Hollywood Chatter

(*Continued from page 71*)

at the speaker's table, and removed from him but by one, Bert suggested that Carl Laemmle, having been so successful in the erection of a city on what was once the site of an institution for the feeble-minded, might well take charge of the county jail and stop the present epidemic of escapes.

The most interesting features of the banquet to me were the reminiscences of Hobart Bosworth, who was sitting at my tab

Hobart said that the first motion pictu to be made in Los Angeles was "The Pow of The Sultan," that Colonel William Se was the producer, that he, Stella Adams a Francis Boggs were the leading players, th Tom Santschi painted the back-drops (t only sets used), that the picture was ma in an old building at Eighth and Oli street, that the picture was begun M eighth, 1909, and that it was finished t following day.

RIN-TIN-TIN, dog-star of Warners, making a personal appearance tour with master, Lee Duncan, accompanying the l est Rin-Tin-Tin picture, "*Hero of the Snows*".

If this almost humanly intelligent d doesn't make a better impression on his fa than do most of the real stars, I will surprised. Certainly Duncan's explanati of how animals are handled in the filmi of motion pictures ought to dispel mistak notions which have been spread from c tain sources as to the cruelty practiced dumb beasts in the films.

The affection of Rin-Tin-Tin for Dunc is a beautiful thing, and this is charact istic of the relations between the animal p former and his owner.

JANE WINTON, former show-girl, w came out to Hollywood and was with Las for a while, but who did not make a sen tional success at that time, has been sign on a long term contract by Warner Brothe

This film company has been the most gressive in Hollywood during the past ye in the development of new talent. Dolo Costello, Helene Costello, Doris Hill, Myr Loy and now Jane Winton have been sign on long contracts. The success of Dolo

They Say

(*Continued from page 76*)

ROOSEVELTS to left of us, Roosevelts to right of us, Roosevelts here, and Roosevelts there, and in the end, who will really be Roosevelt. It's the funniest thing. Wherever you turn you see a Roosevelt candidate for the part in "*The Rough Riders*". And it's strange how much they do look like our great American president. There's one in particular who strikingly resembles him except that he's about twenty pounds too heavy, and is trying to lose the over-weight. We went into the restaurant across from the Lasky Studio the other day, and there sat the candidate, eating with a friend who was just about to devour a fine looking steak. Our candidate, with a glass of orange-juice in front of him, was going through a greater battle than ever "*The Rough Riders*" had seen! Said his companion:

"Oh, go ahead. Order one, too. You can't gain a thing by eating a little piece of steak."

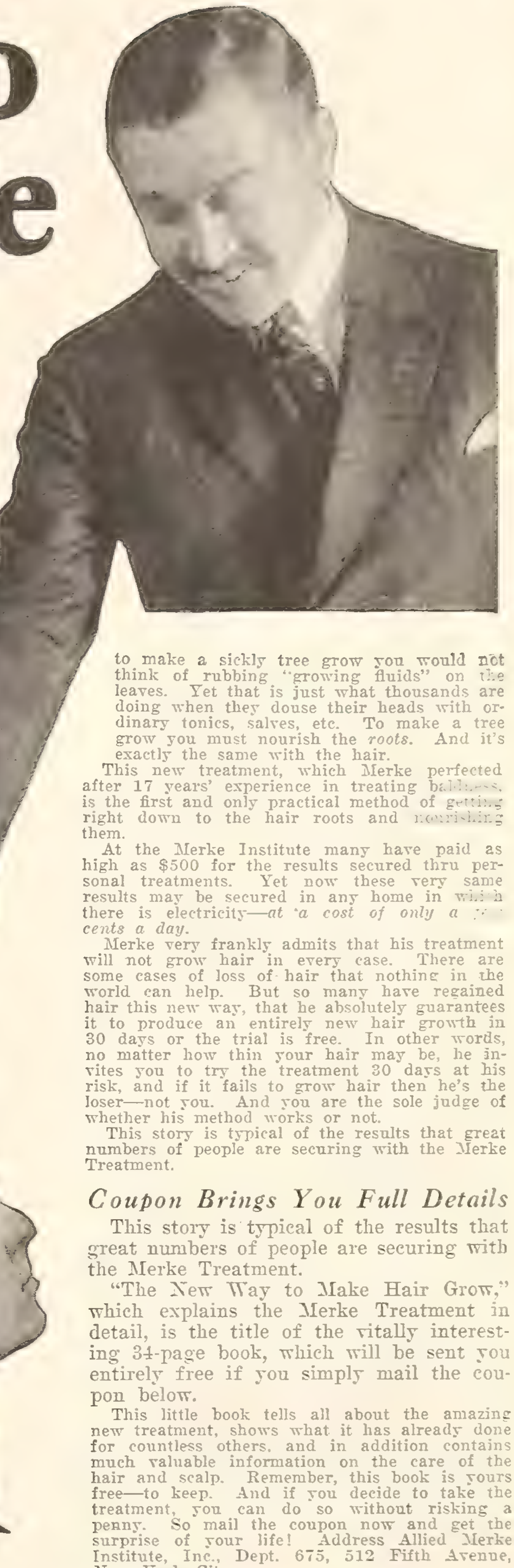
I saw him hesitate, and no one knows how near that battle was to lost! But at the other end of the room sat another Roosevelt, a wee bit thin, perhaps, for the part. That was enough! In a second our candidate partook of his orange juice, paid for his despicable "lunch", and quickly crossed the street back into the studio, where temptation entered not. Poor man! If he doesn't get that part, think of the joy he'll have in an honest-to-goodness, he-man meal. And then he can shed the sombrero, and take off the spectacles, too.

WEDDINGS will be weddings, I gue whether they're for the movies or hon and truly are tying an absolute knot! the Universal Ranch one night this mon they were "shooting" the wedding scene Norman Kerry and Greta Nissen for "T *Love Thief*", and in some unknown way couple of women visitors got through t gate and over to the spot where the co pany was working. Maybe it was Jack M Dermott's fault — he was directing — th he made the picture look entirely too re for one of the visitors, in spite of mu effort, started to audibly cry. And then, silly as women sometimes are, the rest of faint-hearted sex working in the pictu started to follow suit. Golly, even a fa wedding brings out the sentimental Holl wood "atmosphere".

* * *

MAYBE when you go to have your pi tures taken after this, whether it be Holl wood, New York City or Marshfield, Mas you'll find a musician or two in the roo who'll make the taking of the photograp easier and perhaps waste one or two le plates in getting your proper likeness. that should ever happen, it'll be on accou of Julia Faye, who decided music would he in the gallery as much as it does on the se She says it was so successful that now a the players at the DeMille studio ask f music when they are having still pictur taken. It certainly sounds like a great ide to me.

60 Days Ago They Called Me "BALDY"



Now my friends are amazed. They all ask me how I was able to grow new hair in such a short time.

BOB MILLER and I had both been getting bald for years. We stuck together a lot—maybe it was for mutual protection. I guess between the two of us we tried every hair restorer known to man — salves, crude oil, mange cures, singeing, massaging. And as for ordinary hair tonic, we poured gallons of the stuff on our heads. But we might just as well have used brass polish.

Then one day Bob left town—a business trip. Weeks passed. I began to wonder if I'd ever see him again.

One afternoon at the office I heard a familiar voice—"Hello, Baldy," it said. I whirled in my chair and glanced up much annoyed. There stood Bob, grinning at me.

"For Pete's sake!" I exclaimed, springing up. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

We shook hands. "Take off your hat," I suggested sarcastically. "Let me gaze on that 'luxuriant hair' of yours. I haven't seen it for weeks."

"Luxuriant hair is right," he retorted. "I've got the finest growth of hair you ever saw!"

It was my turn to grin, but I didn't—I laughed out loud! "Know any more jokes?" I said.

Bob did not reply. Instead he stepped back, swept off his hat and made a theatrical bow. I could scarcely believe my eyes. The top of his head, once almost as free from hair as the palm of your hand, was covered with a brand new growth of hair—real, honest to goodness hair! I was speechless.

A New Way To Grow Hair

"I've got something that's worth a million dollars to you!" Bob shouted, banging his fist on my desk. "It's wonderful—marvelous—miraculous! I never saw anything like it in my life!"

That night I went to Bob's house. The demonstration he gave me reminded me of the time I was initiated into our lodge. He sat me in a chair and placed a strange apparatus on my head and turned on the electricity. The treatment lasted 15 minutes during which time Bob talked to me. I never saw a man more enthusiastic in my life.

"Don't forget," he concluded, "this proves what I say." And he ran his fingers through his new growth of hair with a triumphant flourish.

At the end of the treatment, I rubbed the top of my head. "Well, Bob," I chuckled, "I don't feel any new hair."

"Of course you don't," Bob came back. "But just you wait a while."

On the way home I read a booklet which Bob had given me. It described a new method of growing hair—a method discovered by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It was the only treatment I had ever heard of that got right down to the *roots* of the hair and awakened them to new activity. I must confess I never before read such an interesting, helpful, honest book.

Then I recalled what Bob had said—how enthusiastic he had been. Bob was proof. I decided to send for the treatment immediately.

I Get the Surprise of My Life

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. The first two or three days nothing happened. But I could feel my scalp beginning to tingle with new life —new vigor. Then one day when I looked in the mirror I got the thrill of a lifetime. All over my head a fine, downy fuzz was beginning to appear.

I continued the treatments and every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And after 60 days my worries about baldness were ended. I had gained an entirely new growth of healthy hair.

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of loss of hair the roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing "growing fluids" on the leaves. Yet that is just what thousands are doing when they douse their heads with ordinary tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the *roots*. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as $500 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—*at a cost of only a few cents a day.*

Merke very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of loss of hair that nothing in the world can help. But so many have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

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This little book tells all about the amazing new treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now and get the surprise of your life! Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 675, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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The patented *cup-shaped center*, indicated by arrow, does it!

If your shoes *slip* or *rub* at the heel; if your hose *wear out* at the heel, and if their delicate color is always marred by *stains* at the heel—you need *Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner.*

Think of the *greater comfort, economy* and *satisfaction* that this means to you! Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner is made of soft, velvet-like rubber. Invisibly worn in the shoe, being made in colors to match shoe linings. Sold in shoe and department stores everywhere—30¢ per pair. Insist on getting the *genuine* with the cup-shaped center, and bearing Dr. Scholl's name. Buy a pair for each pair of your shoes.

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¶ Elinor Glyn pours tea for Douglas Gilmore. He was selected by this world authority on love to demonstrate that cultured people are the best lovers. (See page 32.)

Costello alone would more than repay them the experiment.

Dolores, by the way, has acquired a Japanese maid, who divides her time between ministering to her mistress and to learning our language from an English-Japanese primer.

Dolores told me the other day that her mother is on the verge of a nervous breakdown and has been ordered to rest. With both the girls in the films, and at different studios most of the time, Mrs. Costello has been too much on the go.

APROPOS of this picture, a discussion is raging about the past and future of Belle Bennett, the star.

Publicity stories given out by the Goldwyn offices stated that Belle Bennett was practically a newcomer to success, that the rôle came after years of struggling.

One eminent director tells me that Belle Bennett was starred many years ago by Thomas H. Ince, and that she has trouped in pictures right along.

He also ventures that her success is largely due to the fact that she was type-perfect for the part.

All agree that she probably will have the same experience of Vera Gordon, who has never been able to escape from the mother rôle since "*Humoresque*".

HOW deadly serious is Ray Griffith mixing his own salad. At the Montmartre Cafe today at lunch, I saw him do it, entirely undisturbed by the milling of one of the largest crowds of the season.

He was surrounded by four gag men, his invariable companions, and they watched respectfully as he chopped his lettuce in a big silver bowl, mixed dressing from a half dozen ingredients, carefully stirred it in and then dished out a portion for each of the party.

Impaled by a glance, the gag men tasted . . . and nodded. The meal began.

A GENTLEMAN bandit has made Walter Pidgeon, who is new to Hollywood, a little dubious about the rôle of good samaritan on California roads after dark.

Walter picked up a chap the other night while driving in Hollywood after the street cars had stopped, and was greeted with a gun poked in his ribs and the gentle remark, "Fork over everything in your pockets."

Seventeen dollars was what Walter had. The bandit took this, but returned two dollars in case the actor needed smokes and gasoline on the way home. He then caused Walter to drive him to a spot where a car was parked and to drive off in the other direction. Walter got the number of the car but it was a fictitious one.

This actor is being played as a success by the producers. He has had but one picture, "*Mannequin,*" released, but since that time has played in "*The Outsider*" for Fox, "*The Desert Healer*" for Marian Fairfax, and "*Miss Nobody*" opposite Anna Q. Nilsson. He is under contract to Joseph M. Schenck.

Walter formerly was in musical comedy, having been persuaded by Schenck to leave Elsie Janis' show and come to Holywood. He has been an instant hit with the feminine part of the film colony.

The Stage Coach

(*Continued from page 59*)

cursion into the realms of religion and sex, done frankly and fearlessly.

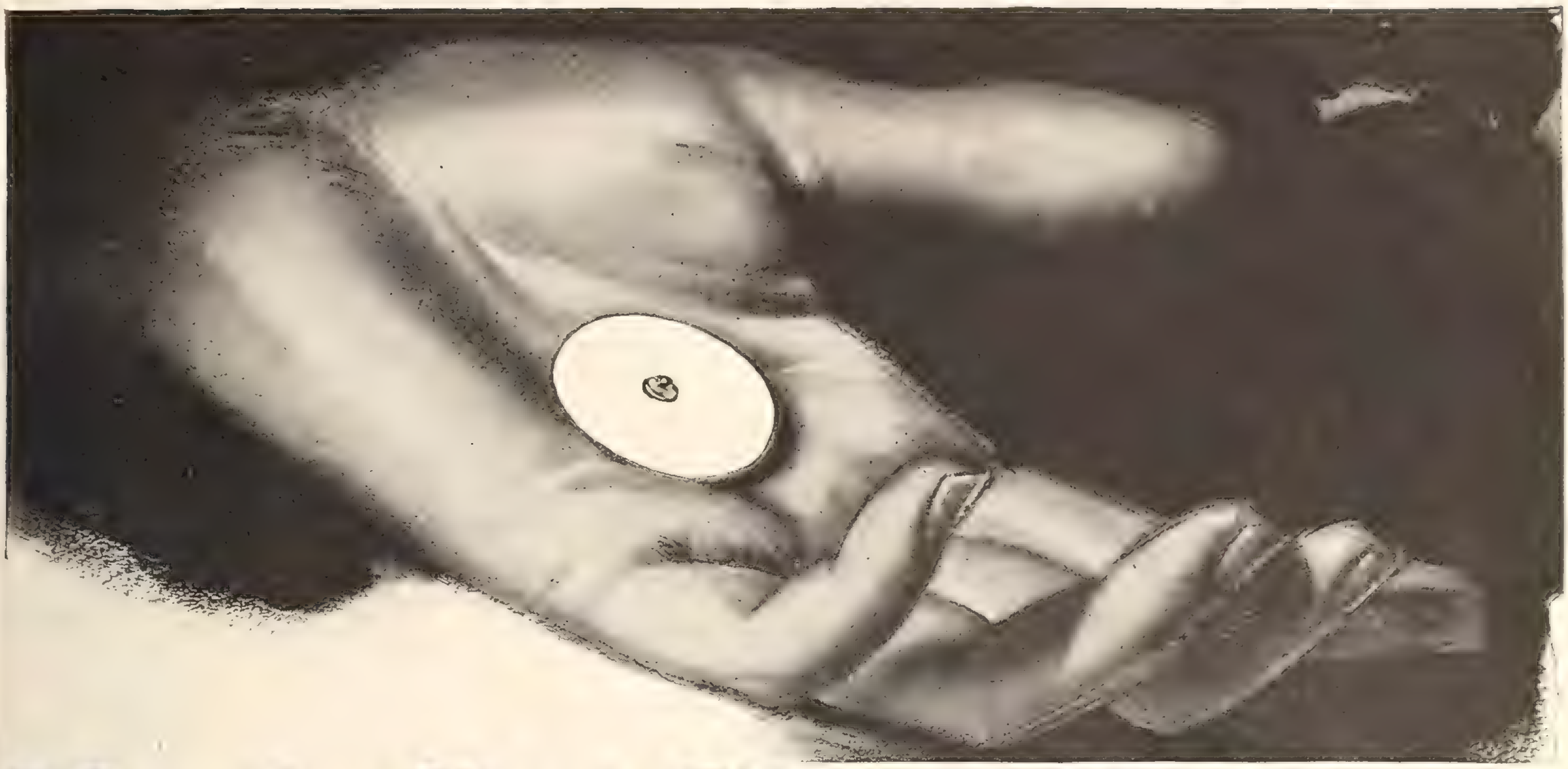
It is altogether possible that the show may frighten you. Indeed, it frightened one or two of the staid dramatic critics. As for us, we felt that it need not frighten anyone who has read, even scantily, in modern psychology. It does not bother about physical nakedness; no young girls reveal their bare shoulders; there is no swish of silken undies; what Hurlbut is interested in baring is the human soul. And, with the aid of Alice Brady and Crane Wilbur, another ex-movieite, he does so. Robert Milton directed the play, and did a sweet job, too.

Bill Colling Reviews

(*Continued from page 55*)

the Big Street—and when she got there she saw her boy cavorting around with some high-powered chorus girls, and she went back home sadder but not very "wise". But when Glenn came home to save the bank, he told her all and caught her when she floated into his waiting arms. It was all very pretty and seemed to teach that the way to win a simple maid is to get a press agen.t

I was rather sorry, afterwards, that I had asked him to see "*Wild Oats Lane*" as his next effort to solve the mystery of young love. You see, "*Wild Oats Lane*" is about a simple country girl who falls in love with



Magic Dot Gives Rupture Victims a Fresh Lease on Life!

It is a new invention, in the hygiene of hernia; possibly the greatest advance in rupture support for more than a hundred years. It is very tiny. It is so small that it weighs less than a quarter; it is but little larger in diameter. Yet Magic Dot does an amazing thing so simply that you will wonder why you did not think of it yourself.

Magic Dot is but a part of New Science System for rupture support. Can you imagine a flesh-soft pad smaller than you have been using, a pad composed of air cells that almost breathe, with each abdominal movement. That is what Airtex Pad is. And you can wash every part of it in two minutes if you like.

Even these interesting developments are not all the surprises contained in New Science System of hernia hygiene, for it provides the new Duobelt. Duobelt is different, light, comfortable. It does away with the old, heavy, cruel leg strap in thousands of cases; in fact the old fashioned heavy leg strap is never a necessity with Duobelt. There are no dangerous springs; no springs at all with Duobelt. Just two very high grade elastic web belts, much lighter and much narrower than you have likely ever dreamed possible. They girdle your body with a natural "set" that should make you soon forget you are wearing it.

Do you know that rupture can now often be cured. It could always be cured; at least in many cases, when conditions were right. Wouldn't it be a strange trick of nature if she should heal all sorts of broken bones, tears of flesh, cuts, bruises and sprains, and fail to heal rupture,—if given the right chance.

Try with the finger tips and see for yourself how little pressure, and what a small pad, would be needed if the support were always in the one right place. Now you will understand why Magic Dot is so revolutionary in rupture. It anchors the pad where you put it. Every day the pad goes to that one spot. Your old pad bored around in your tender flesh under cruel pressure. You couldn't heal a wound of any kind if you kept a plug in it.

So you see, that because Magic Dot anchors the light Airtex pad exactly, your pad can be much smaller. You do not have to force it into the flesh to keep it from skidding; it can't skid. You don't need the harsh, binding pressure and hence Duobelt is a new comfort.

Magic Dot does not interfere with taking off or putting on your support, instantly.

Perhaps you don't realize that nature cannot heal without a free flow of blood through the ruptured tissue. Too much pressure on your truss prevents the needed blood-flow. Press your thumb tightly against the soft flesh of your forearm for a minute, note the white spot that remains for an instant when you remove your thumb; it shows absence of blood. See how the pink returns when you take away the pressure. You can't cure rupture without blood; you make it worse, day by day.

Why should anyone go through life a slave to rupture, constantly on guard, unable to enjoy action and life that make for health and happiness. Thousands do not know the relation of rupture to sex life, to nerves, digestion and success. New Science System should delight you but it cannot show you its wonders unless you see it.

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Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

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a crook. It isn't a very pretty story, for the crook is pinched before they can be married and the girl, disillusioned, goes to the city and leads a "life". The two are separated all through the picture, each blaming the other for breach of faith, but in the end, of course, they meet again and are joined in matrimony.

A sordid, unwholesome tale of the dregs of life. The love interest is there, of course, but it is the kind of love which has to go through too much fire to be purified. The breaking down of the country girl's ideals, her expulsion from the country home by her narrow-minded father, her drab life on the streets, all leave you with the feeling that, though such things undoubtedly exist, they can't exactly come under the head of entertainment. I knew that my friend had no intention of becoming a crook and going to jail for a number of years just to show a girl that he loved her, and I couldn't help but feel, as I watched this tragic story unfold, that most young eople would, to say the least, fail to get any benefit from such an example of bedraggled passion.

I was glad, therefore, when the next picture on the list was announced as a comedy. "*The Nutcracker*" was its title, and the ever-delightful Edward Everett Horton was its star.

All filled with expectation and a good lunch, I dragged my friend—somewhat bewildered by this time — to the projection room, and together we sat through six reels of as dumb a "comedy" as ever cluttered up a screen. Horton is shown as a hen-pecked husband who feigns amnesia to escape from his bondage. He poses as the "Llama king of Peru", and by one of those marvelous strokes of luck which happen in the movies, he acquires a fortune overnight and flits around with young ladies gowned like the Queens of Sheba. Meantime the little wife finds him, suspects the genuineness of his amnesia and plans to make him snap out of it. She arranges to have him kidnapped and brought to a room where several horse doctors, posing as surgeons, tell him to prepare for an operation to restore his memory. Of course he falls for the plan, "recovers" his memory and makes up with the little woman, who by this time has changed from a drab housewife into a giddy butterfly.

It is all very impossible and very tiresome, despite the strenuous and often clever efforts of Mr. Horton. And as it shows married life in anything but a favorable light, I could see my friend weakening by the reel. Nobody could blame him for that!

Of course, nobody could see a film version of that famous old operetta, "*The Prince of Pilsen*", without picking up some hints about the gentle passion. The only trouble is that it only shows how a prince of the royal blood wins a comparatively simple American maid, and of course an ordinary male U. S. citizen can't be expected to apply the lessons with any great degree of conviction. In this one, the maid comes from Cincinnati with her father, and dad becomes inebriated and is mistaken for the Prince. He is hauled away to the castle of a reigning Princess and is about to be married off to her when it is discovered that he has been innocently practicing a fraud. He is about to be executed, when the girl and the real Prince arrive and save him.

Throughout this maze of old but amusing hokum, a very pretty little romance is developed, with Anita Stewart and Allan Forrest as the romancers. Scenes in a quaint German inn, scenes in a lovely rose garden, in a bandit's lair and finally in the palace, are full of inspiration to the young man whose fancy is lightly turning at this season of the year. Anita is charming—as always—and it doesn't seem possible that even such a dub in love-making as my friend is, could fail to do the right thing at the right time under Anita's provocative spell.

"*The Prince of Pilsen*" is an amusing and entertaining picture, and George Sidney, as the heavy-beer-drinking father, is very lovable. Incidentally, this picture has the screen's greatest novelty — a fashion revue staged in a church! The scene is the wedding of the Princess, and the court ladies appear in costumes that make the Follies draperies look like those worn by the Puritans at a witch trial, while the Bishop looks on with perfect equanimity.

By this time I was afraid that the seeker for knowledge was worn out or so befuddled by what he'd seen that any more medicine would make him go around picking daisies on Times Square. But I found him as determined as ever to get the low-down on love, so I took him with me when Br'er Fox gave a private showing of "*Siberia*".

The love interest in this, beside being thoroughly conventional, is secondary to the big theme of the story, the fight for freedom of ideas. It is the story of Russia as most of us over here have known it for years—tyranny, brutality and stupidity under the Czar; terror and suffering; exile to the bleak wastes of Siberia; the triumph of the proletariat; and finally the same tyranny and misuse of power by the self-appointed proletariat leaders. It is intensely interesting and makes you sympathize with the Russian people in their revolution. It also gives you a glimpse of what Russia is suffering under today when the people's champions turn out to be more concerned with the welfare of all the people than were the Czars.

Alma Rubens, as an aristocrat who labored for the people, gives a stunning performance. She is loved by three men—the revolutionary leader, a good officer of the Czar, and a bad ditto. When she is sent to Siberia, the officers fight each other on her account. The bad one is slain and the good one put under arrest. Then comes the leader of the people with the news of the successful revolution. All prisoners are freed, but just when you think the girl's troubles are over, the leader turns out to be a conceited self seeker who wants the girl for himself regardless of her own feelings. The officer escapes and there is a wild sleigh ride through the snow-bound wastes, with a pack of wolves in pursuit. The leader pursues but is put down and out by the officer and the lovers finally make their escape.

As a lesson in love making, this is somewhat confusing. Apparently the novice must either start a revolution to make his lady-love cast coy glances at him, or he must be a handsome young officer in a uniform like the doorman at a night club. Revolutions, like wars, are kind of scarce around these parts, and while a uniform can be rented from any costume company, it's a long way to Siberia.

However, there's balm in Gilead for the seeker after knowledge. "*Siberia*", for all its gripping drama and its poignant picturization of life under the Czars, may not be much of a help to the lovelorn; but there's good news in store for those who long to pop the question. "*Sandy*" tells all!

"*Sandy*" is about love—and you'll love it. It may not make much of a hit with grandma, in spite of its moral ending; but grandma is supposed to know it all anyhow—and what she doesn't know about the younger generation won't hurt her.

The pretty little girl in the film goes after love in a Big Way. She starts with a stren-

Scatter-brained!

No wonder he never accomplishes anything worthwhile!

HIS mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas.

He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly—but **DOES** nothing about **ANY** of them.

Thoughts flash into and out of his brain with the speed of lightning. New ideas rush in pell-mell, crowding out old ones before they have taken form or shape.

He is **SCATTER-BRAINED.**

His mind is like a powerful automobile running wild—destroying his hopes, his dreams, his **POSSIBILITIES!**

He wonders why he does not get ahead. He cannot understand why others, with less ability, pass him in the prosperity parade.

He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.

And the great tragedy is that he has every quality that leads to success—intelligence, originality, imagination, ambition.

His trouble is that he does not know how to **USE** his brain.

His mental make-up needs an overhauling.

There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with **BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS.**

It is a known fact that most of us use only one-tenth of our brain power. The other nine-tenths is dissipated into thousands of fragmentary thoughts, in day dreaming, in wishing.

We are paid for **ONE-TENTH** of what we possess because that is all we **USE.** We are hundred horse-power motors delivering only **TEN** horse-power.

What can be done about it?

The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them **BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE,** just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, **UNUSED FOR SO LONG,** could not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually **DO** possess them, but they are **ALMOST ATROPHIED,** like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, **USE.**

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

Was that fine ambition unattainable? **OR WAS THERE JUST SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU?** Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom **THERE WAS A WEAKNESS SOMEWHERE IN YOU.**

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Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.

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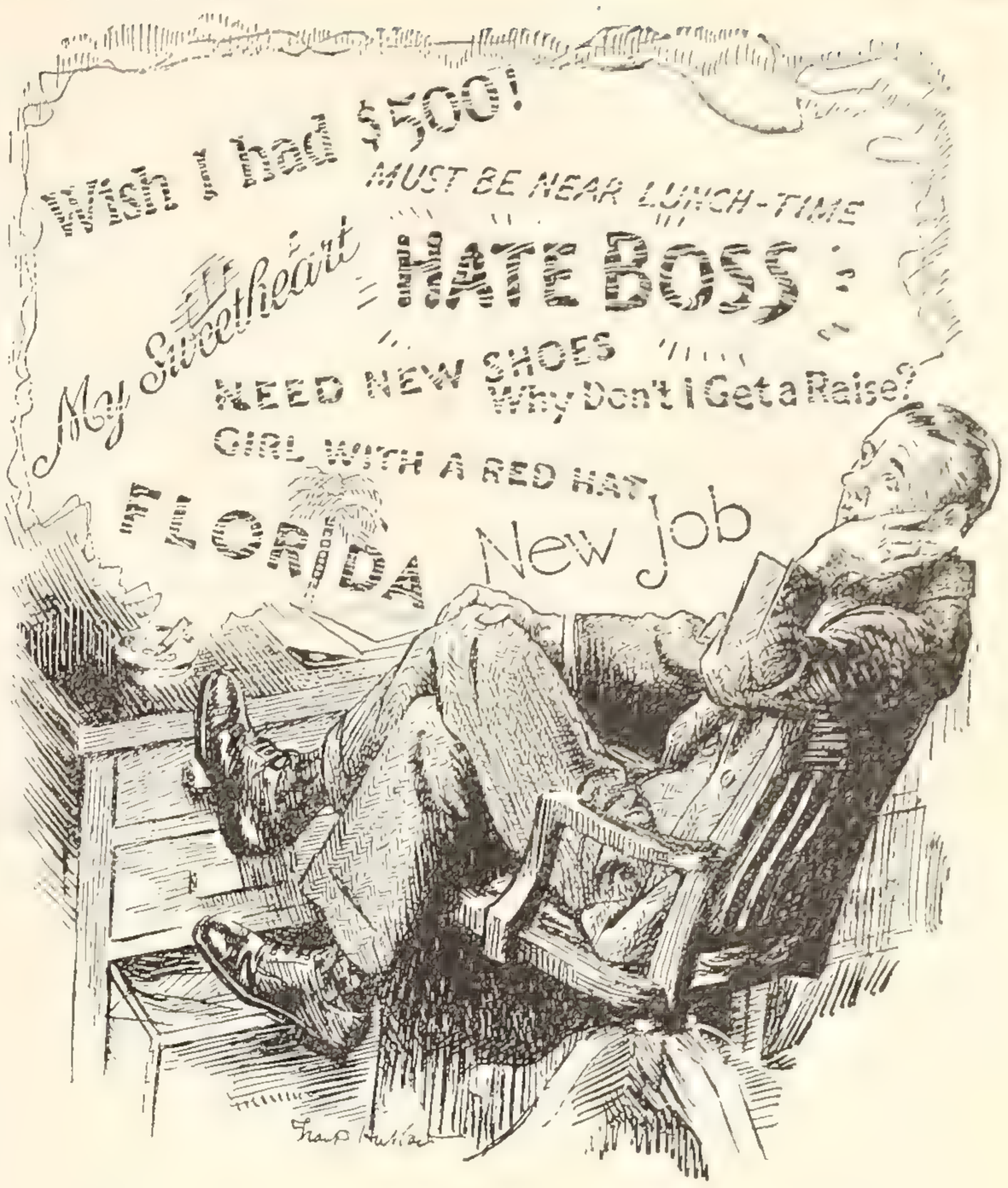
Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.

Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.



Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.
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—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

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But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed here.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS,** and what it can do for you.

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uous flirtation with a good looking youngster which comes to a conclusion with a night spent in a mountain cabin when the two are storm-bound. Papa arrives, and of course everything has been all right; but father isn't taking any more chances, so he marries her off to a conceited chap whom she doesn't love at all. During the honeymoon, he tries to tame her with cave man methods, but only succeeds in disgusting her, so that when she takes a vacation in Honolulu she isn't at all averse to listening to the honeyed words of another handsome man of the world.

She leaves her husband and cleaves to her Honolulu boy friend—until she finds that he is some sheik himself and that he has more than one queen in his harem. Then she goes to visit Judy, her cousin, and promptly proceeds to vamp Judy's young man away from her. But the other man finds her and when she won't come back to him, he shoots her and kills himself. Judy's friend is accused of murder and is about to be convicted when the wounded girl leaves her bed and bares her own disgrace to save him. Having patched up to some extent the wreck she has made of her life, she passes out upon a ray of sunlight from a thoughtfully concealed Klieg light.

This teaches us, first, that jazz and something on the hip are great aids to a successful romance; second, that cave man methods are out of date and shouldn't be used except in emergencies; third, that Honolulu is a great place to start something; and last, that former loves should be heard from but not seen and that you can't be too careful whom you're vamped by. The picture's just chock full of the grandest hints as to what to do when you're alone with a pretty girl in a mountain cabin, when you're ditto on a beach in the South Seas, and when you're cuckoo in an automobile on a dark night. As an advanced textbook on the art of modern day love making, "*Sandy*" is priceless and should be (and probably is) in every bachelor's library.

As a motion picture, it is a swift moving, colorful and more than a little bit naughty glimpse into the life of a girl who wanted the moon and got only a cold potato. It may shock you a little, but it will entertain you exceedingly. Madge Bellamy, with bobbed hair, is a brand-new Madge—prettier than ever, and as full of life and the joy of youth as flivver is of rattles. She gives a performance that'll make you sit up and take notice. "*Sandy*", mainly through Madge's efforts, is easily one of the best of the jazz family.

When we left the projection room, I could see a gleam of triumph in my friend's eye. At last, after thousands of feet of flickers, he had the secret. With a hasty word of thanks to me, he dived into the subway, headed for Brooklyn. His girl lives in Brooklyn. And now I'm scared to open my mail, but I'm practicing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" on my saxophone.

Claire Windsor's Happy Ever After

Continued from page 45

saying goes, the way to a man's heart is by giving him pies and cakes, the way to a little man's heart is by giving him fire-engines and electri ctrains. The battle was won before Billy even knew it had started. Yes, I take off my hat to Bert, because after all it wouldn't be at all out of the way if a bit of jealousy through Bill crept into his new "pal's" heart. Even Claire feels that where there's true love, is jealousy, too, and as small as Bill is, he holds an awful lot of his pretty mother's love. But with the help of fire-engines and electric trains, competition was off and Bill could love 'em both.

Oh — by the way — what do you think of a wife who gives her husband flat silver for a birthday present? I guess Bert will never stop kidding his lady-fair about that! And for Claire's birthday, maybe, a smoking-stand or a fine humidor, says Bert. All three of us laughed. What difference did it make? It was all just for them — for not one, nor the other, but for them, for THEIR home, and home was meaning more to them than even they had figured it could mean.

And it wasn't such easy sledding at first. With a little baby to care for along with herself, it was no joke. Folks who have never experienced it, can't understand the teeniest, tiniest bit what it is to "buck the old game". Dreams are beautiful. They're the best things in the world to hang onto, but out in Hollywood, where dreams so often always remain only dreams, you have to hang on so hard that your hands get sore, and your heart aches, and you wonder how you're ever going to stick it out. Then you take a long look at your chit of a baby, you give him a tight hug and the softest kind of kiss, and you make the wearisome rounds again.

So went Claire, with her dreams and her castles in the air. She tells me that my old friend Lou Goodstadt, now "C. B.'s" right hand man over at the DeMille Studio, gave her her first chance—a bit in a picture at the Lasky Studio. That was the first air-castle come to earth. Then Allan Dwan to the rescue; and last, and really most, Lois Weber, successful castle builder herself, brought Claire's and Billy's dream-house right down out of the clouds and into dreamy, beautiful reality. From that time on, their ship sailed thru the quiet, peaceful waters, with great white sails, and sunny days, and everything except a captain, hale and hearty!

Enter Bert. He takes the helm, he sails the ship, and there I leave them, sitting side by side, beneath the rosy floor-lamp, with that saucy silly kitten cocking his head before he makes another dash across the floor.

And Billy—he's sound asleep. But before he went, after he kissed his Mommy and his new-found pal 'good-night', he told me stoutly there was something else he most certainly had been promised. And only a boy would do, on account of because girls aren't much good and can't play "rough", and never like no engines nor no trains and only play with funny dolls.

The Savage

(*Continued from page* 39)

fraternal warmth for the hypothetical creature stirred Danny and as he discovered it, he laughed. At the same moment, the editor spoke again.

"Do you know, Terry," he said, "I'd give a year of my life to show these people up with their cursed snooping around for something that more than likely doesn't exist."

"What do you mean, show them up?"

"I'd like to put over a hoax on them.

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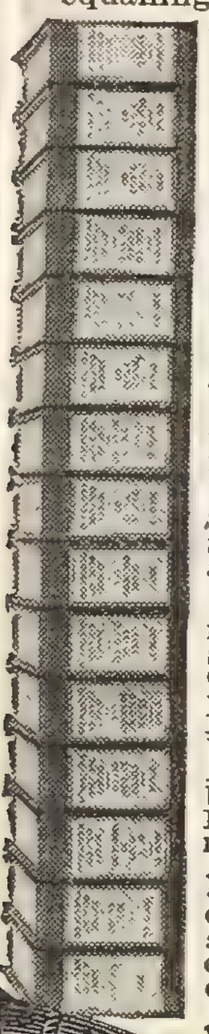

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Let them think they'd actually found a white savage."

"What good would that be?"

"Well, then we'd expose them."

"We!" Terry exclaimed. "Don't take me into partnership."

Terry watched as a thoughtful light broke in the editor's eyes. He saw the speculative glance that was directed toward himself and he knew what was behind it, a long second before the editor said, "Someone like you could do it, Danny. It would have to be someone like you. Well-built, healthy looking, no marks of dissipation, and, above all, a knowledge of the wilderness and of the animals."

"In short," said Terry. "Will I please be a white savage?"

The editor smiled and sighed relievedly. The plot which had really been lying heavily on his mind since he had heard of Professor Atwater's expedition was at last turned over to Danny for consideration.

"Large order," said Danny.

"Oh, I don't know." The editor was justified in minimizing the risk and discomforts of the fantastic idea. He was comparing it to other adventures of his wild animal expert.

"Quite right, you don't know," said Danny. "That's just it."

The business of landing in the Mariposas alone and unnoticed was managed as Terry had managed a score of other things. The slipping into the dark fastnesses of the forest was easy and amusing to him. The charm of the place got him from the start. The deep, blue lagoons and over-hanging cocoanut palms made him strangely sad. He was sorry to think that men from noisy, dirty cities would perforce carry what they pleased to call a savage away from the beauty and peace of the islands.

He spied the Atwater encampment and dodged it for a day or so. It was lovely to swim through the clear, clean water and crash through the thick, great forest, lovely to watch the gaily-colored birds fly above him and to be awakened by the chattering monkeys. Far too lovely was all this for him to acquiesce at once to his capture.

Once he permitted the professor himself to catch a flash of him. All night the island rang with the sounds of the searching party while Terry hid from them. He knew that now Professor Atwater would never leave until he had the savage with him. But Terry's own time was limited; so at the end of a week he began to swim in a lagoon that was closest to the searching party's encampment. Scarcely a moment after his first dive, the bank was alive with the excited, shouting men of Atwater's party. Guns and cameras glimmered in the sunlight. Terry regretted the sight of them in this primitive paradise and trusted that nothing but the cameras would be used. It was possible that someone would get the bright idea that wounding the savage just a little would show him who was boss.

"Let me deal with him," Professor Atwater quavered eagerly, and Danny noted with thanksgiving that the professor was unarmed. He struggled some, just enough to be convincing and not sufficient to encourage the use of the guns, at which he gazed with what he devoutly hoped was an expression of interested wonder. Professor Atwater was transported with glee at his find.

"They will call me an idiot, will they?" he asked of no one in particular. "They will insist that the white savage is a biological impossibility?"

Danny found it difficult to retain his blank, wild expression at the comments he heard. One of the men who represented the rival magazine gazed upon him admir-

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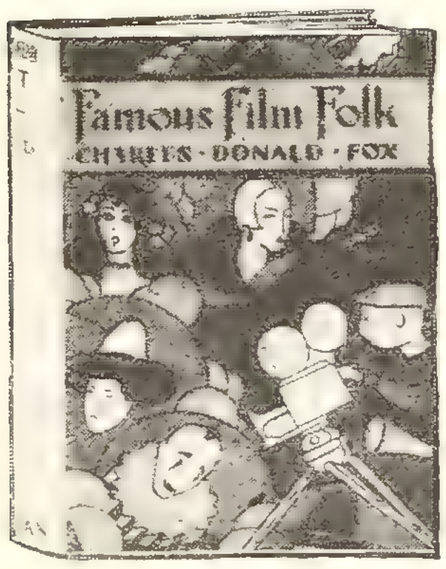

Famous Film Folks

By
C. D. FOX

"HOW old is Gloria Swanson?" "What color hair has Corinne Griffith?" "How tall is Thomas Meighan?" "Who is Percy Marmont's wife, if any?" "Where was Pola Negri born?" "Where did Mae Murray go to school?" These are a few of the countless questions that movie fans constantly asked about film favorites.

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ingly and said, "Look at that build, boys. You'd know anywhere that he'd never seen a city, wouldn't you? He wouldn't keep that chest long, inhaling smoke and gasoline."

"Don't talk so much," cautioned the professor. "He's frightened, and remember, verbal communication is new to him. Your strange utterances might possibly throw him into a panic."

One strange utterance nearly did throw Danny into a panic, but not the kind of which the professor was thinking. . That was when another representative of science said, "The shape of his head denotes an intelligence which has rarely been called into use."

Danny had never before been the main center of interest without suffering acutely of ennui. It was a difficult rôle but one that was well paid. The searching party obligingly diverted Danny right up to sailing time and then it grew better.

Once they were on a regular liner returning to the states, Danny was kept concealed and tied in a cabin. Professor Atwater had an unholy fear that someone would beat him to the papers with the news of his spectacular find. The professor knew that such a misfortune would kill him. He was unwilling to trust Danny out of his sight for a second and so Danny was carried almost literally to Professor Atwater's home on Long Island.

It was a beautiful though somewhat conventional Long Island home. The sweeping grounds, the velvet-smooth green lawn, and the large house with its generous verandah are duplicated hundreds of times in various parts of Long Island. Danny, in his first glance at it, had a hard time remembering that he must be frightened and over-awed at this unusual building. He thought it ought to flatter the Atwaters a little to have even a savage find something out of the ordinary about the place.

For there were Atwaters. The professor needed a family. It lent stability, and this family of his commanded respect. Mrs. Atwater was expensive and conventional like her home. The bovine gaze of Danny wandered from her swiftly and fluttered to Ysabel, the professor's daughter. He closed his eyes quickly when he saw her. He had to hide the expression that he knew must have leapt there when he saw her. For Ysabel, daughter of the man whom he had hoaxed, was a girl with wide, blue eyes, and a smile of which one would certainly dream. The girl he had hoped for in his fleeting romantic moments. Ironic, he thought, that he should be dragged into her presence for inspection. That he should be out of the running, not eligible any way one regarded it. He was either a savage or a man who had made a laughing stock of her father.

"Rather handsome, isn't he," said Mrs. Atwater.

"Oh, very," the professor agreed. "Though I suppose in proper habiliments, he would lose much of his charm. We just picked these things up for him in Tahiti."

"No, I don't think he would suffer in comparison to American men," said Mrs. Atwater. "He doesn't look very much as though he was a savage. Though, of course, there is a stupidity in his eyes that shows he has never thought but rather instinctively feels."

Ysabel had said nothing up to this time. Now she turned to her parents and remarked, "Rather uncivilized, isn't it, to discuss a person while he's present?"

Professor and Mrs. Atwater laughed. "He can't understand a word," said the professor.

"No," replied Ysabel. "Rather he instinctively feels, as mother says. That probably makes him a lot more uncomfortable than if he could glean some meaning from the vacant things I've heard said about him."

"Don't be ridiculous, Ysabel," said Mrs. Atwater. "What will Howard say when I tell him you've become the champion of our handsome savage?"

"Howard will say something absurd about the man just as everyone else has done. Good Heavens, this capture of father's is a person, and not a one of you seem to realize it. What's more, no one had the right to bring him here. He was entitled to live his life in a land of flowers and wildness just as father is entitled to live most of his in his library."

Ysabel had apparently said all that she intended to say, for the last few words were flung over her shoulder as she left the room.

The professor, not deeply concerned with the whimsical ideas of young ladies, immediately turned again to Danny, who was fighting a losing battle in the little matter of gazing after Ysabel. Mrs. Atwater however was greatly agitated by Ysabel's outburst.

"Do you know she has absolutely no desire to begin shopping for her trousseau?" Mrs. Atwater inquired. "She's a very strange bride-to-be. I begin to think she's a radical, considering her views on preparing for her wedding and her most recent disrespect to us. It isn't right."

"Howard will take that out of her," the professor responded absently.

Mrs. Atwater paid no attention to his optimism and Danny had not even heard it. He was struggling under the heavy weight that the word "trousseau" had thrown upon him. So Ysabel Atwater was engaged to be married. Well, he might have known it. Such a thing would happen to him. He had been too lucky in everything else.

"If it were up to her," continued Mrs. Atwater, "she'd have no social life at all. I'm a rag and a bone from attending to things that other girls do for themselves. No one single suggestion has she made for the jungle ball."

"The jungle ball?" queried Professor Atwater.

"Yes, we have to give a ball to announce Ysabel's betrothal to Howard and so long as we have this discovery of yours, why not make the affair strictly original? Jungle decorations, you know, and that sort of thing. We'll put it," she designated Danny, "in a cage and give our friends a chance to look at him."

Professor Atwater didn't seem delighted with the idea. He was jealous of his find and would have liked to place him under glass in a private corner of his library, but his wife's ideas never did anybody any real harm. The professor conceded that much.

It was now without any humor that Terry considered the situation. The professor was really a dear old thing and so completely in love with his work that it was a pity to have perpetrated this cruel hoax. Not only a pity. Danny felt now that it was even contemptible, cheap. What would Ysabel think of it? Ysabel, the girl who refused to regard a human being as though he were a strange thirteen-legged beetle. Ysabel, the girl with whom he had fallen in love. And, above all else, Ysabel, the girl who was engaged to marry another man.

No, there wasn't even a faint drop of humor to be squeezed from the present situation. And he was to be exhibited at Mrs. Atwater's jungle ball. People were going to stare at him and believe he was a savage. They were going to marvel at the professor's cleverness in capturing him. They would respect the professor. Then after the ball there would come the humiliating ex-

posure and the people who had boasted of nowing Professor Atwater intimately were oing to call him "a doddering, old idiot."

The professor would suffer loss of pres-ge, of course, but that would be nothing o his pain at realizing his gullibility. Dan-y knew how he would feel, but the profes-or, who would loathe him for a cheap raud, would not know how Danny felt. He ould never know that Danny was bearing is humiliation with him or that the under-raduate prank had robbed the "savage" of ven a bowing acquaintance with the only irl he had ever loved.

Regarding the predicament from any an-le only tortured Danny. There was no olution willing to present itself. He decid-d to put it all from him till after the ball. or, he reasoned, nothing would be done bout the exposure until after the ball. Grimly he thought that the professor would e allowed the delight of showing him off ecause it would make the poor man's plight ore ridiculous when the fraud was finally ncovered.

The days that followed were full of prep-rations for the ball. Mrs. Atwater was tire-ss in her industry. Her hands was in verything from engaging the orchestra to esigning the decorations, from telling Ysa-el what to wear to personally helping nail rees with waving palm leaves about the ance floor. Ysabel was very little in evi-ence. A strange bride-to-be indeed. Her nterest in the decorations was far smaller han Danny's, who was eager to discover hat his cage was going to be like and here it was to be located.

"At least," he thought, "I can watch her ll night as she dances." There was only ne "she" in Danny's thoughts and he had ad scarcely a glance from her and soon e would be a far less desirable person than he truly was a wild man untrained and gnorant of charming business tricks well nown to civilized people.

At last the night of the ball was at hand. he professor's house rocked with excite-ent, thought it must be confessed that rs. Atwater did most of the rocking. Pro-essor Atwater was concerned chiefly with e presentation of his white savage, and sabel's attitude toward the whole proceed-gs would certainly have given an outsider o reason to suspect that this was her be-rothal celebration. The great room that ad been transformed into a jungle rustled ith the palm trees and gleamed mystically ith the lights that hung like strange witch-ruit. A sight to burst the heart of the oor creature whom they caged, had he eally been what they supposed. And cage im they certainly did, though the built-to-rder prison elicited an unnoticed grin from erry. It was too frail to hold a wild man gainst his will. He was positive that if he o desired, he could break from it. The uests began to arrive and Terry watched hem listlessly. They were the usual Long sland guests, uninspiring and dull. Once sabel entered the room he forgot them all. is eyes were riveted on her and he re-embered to remove them only when some iggling moron or profound scholar came to aze fascinatedly upon him.

"Oh, he's handsome," twittered a young irl with curly bobbed hair. "If he didn't ave that beard, he'd be irresistible."

"Hush," cautioned her mother. "I know e doesn't understand, but I'm sure he real-es in some remote manner that you're eing silly."

Danny guarded his expression more vigil-ntly after that.

At one time, Ysabel paused directly be-ore his cage with her fiance, Howard Kipp. he others were dancing and they alone

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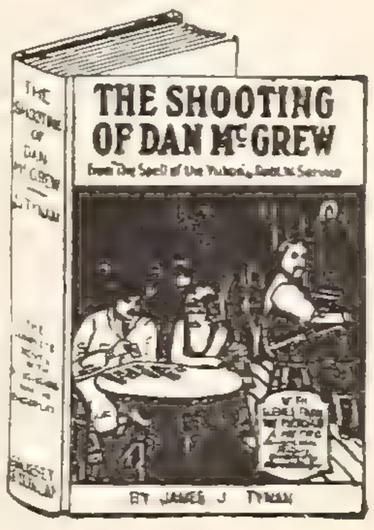

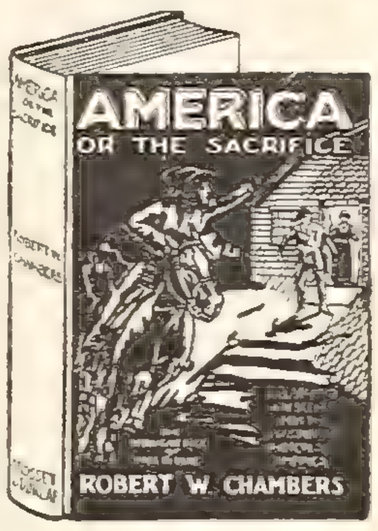

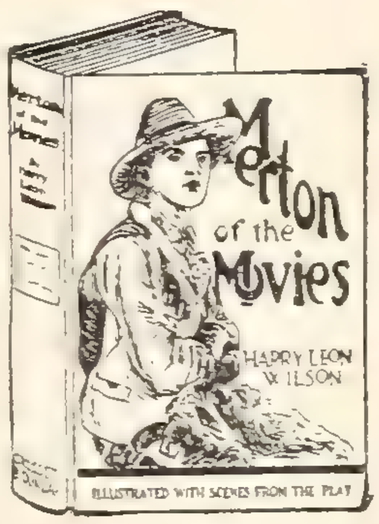

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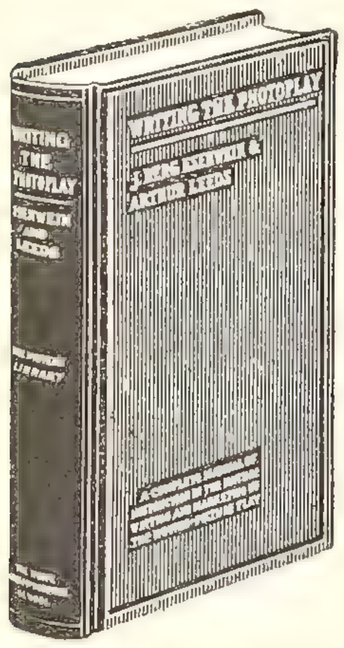

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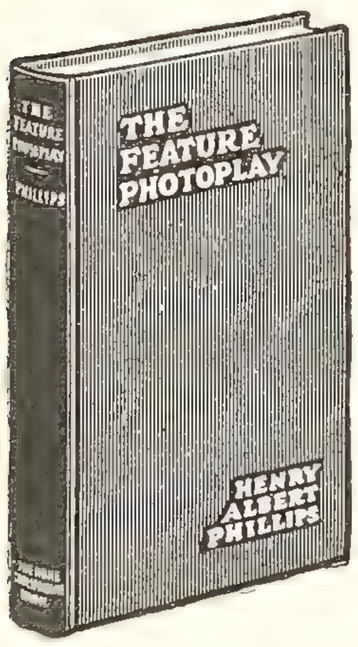

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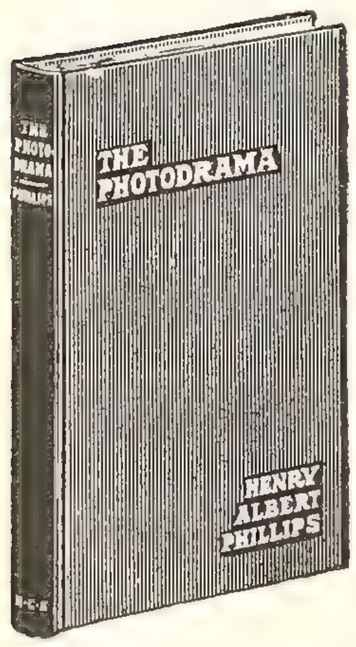

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Formerly of the Staff of Pathe Freres
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stood at the savage's prison. Ysabel averted her eyes while Howard frankly stared at Danny.

"What's the matter?" questioned Howard. "Is our savage an unpleasant sight to you?"

"Not at all," returned Ysabel. "But you are."

"I am?" Howard's indignation was faintly mingled with amusement.

"Yes, you and the others who regard him as some sort of a freak. We're freaks, Howard, not this man. It's normal to be beautifully developed and familiar with something outside of golf and five-o'clock tea. We are poor, misguided bodies and souls, and I wager that he," she allowed her eyes to rest for one heaven-sent moment on Danny, "is sorry for us."

Howard laughed. "Foolish child," he said, "you're a romanticist."

A slow, beautiful smile appeared on her lips and even in her eyes. "Am I?" she asked. "One would never have guessed it." The expression with which she looked at Howard left no doubt as to her meaning. She left Howard then and became lost in the whirl of dancers. Howard also moved on, and Danny was alone with his thoughts. Or rather his thought, for all he could think of was what a wonderful girl she was.

There were other things close to his mind, but he forced them out. It was too terrible to speculate on the exposure of the hoax for which the professor had fallen.

All evening the crowds before Danny's cage shifted — the awe-stricken, the inquiring, the humorous, and the admiring. It impressed Danny deeply that of all the manners in which the professor's find was accepted not one person displayed even a hint of skepticism. It would have made things easier perhaps if the question of his authenticity had been raised, but not one of the professor's friends showed a proclivity to dispute his claims.

Danny grew metaphorical as the evening passed and likened his predicament to the cage. A poor metaphor, he thought, but a bored wild man had to find something to do. His boredom grew out of the fact that Ysabel had disappeared from the dance floor. He noticed that Howard had also gone, and he wondered if they were sitting somewhere, in a secluded nook, passing the time in a way that custom has made us expect lovers to pass their time. Danny didn't like that thought, it annoyed him oddly. He had no way of knowing that he was only fifty per cent right. Howard was sitting in a secluded nook, but Ysabel was not. She was standing behind a cocoanut palm watching Howard in the act of embracing another girl. She had had no intention of spying on Howard. She had quite innocently blundered upon the situation. More than half bored herself at the jungle ball, she had wandered away from the crowd only to find herself brought up short, confronting what was a nice, faultless, up-to-date petting party. No feeling of jealousy possessed her, merely a mild disgust with Howard's promiscuity. She recovered herself when she heard Howard's conquest say, "I must fly. I have this dance with someone else."

There was a hurried kiss and Howard was alone. Ysabel approached him. His discomfort was evident, and he strove to cover the uneasiness he felt by talking swiftly.

"Charming ball, dear," he said. "Decorations and everything so original. Orchestra simply splendid too. What do you suppose the savage thinks of all this? Your father is certainly in his glory showing him off, isn't he? Only trouble is, I haven't had enough dances with you. That's the worst of being engaged to a popular girl."

Howard stopped talking. He knew it was no use. Ysabel had seen, and other tactics were necessary in this event.

"You're probably being haughty and cold because you saw me kiss that girl. Come now, Ysabel, it was nothing. You don't suppose — why the poor child was unhappy. Her Donald had been carried off by another girl. I kissed her as though she was a child, and so she is, an uncommonly stupid one too."

Ysabel slipped Howard's diamond from her finger and handed it to him.

"Don't invent excuses, Howard," she said. "It's a waste of time. I am neither interested nor believing."

"Why, Ysabel, you're not going to break our engagement over a silly, inconsequent thing like an innocent kiss, are you?"

Ysabel had turned to leave him, but now she faced him and said, "I suppose you are entitled to know that that isn't the entire cause. The other part is that I don't love you. Once I thought I did, but I knew just now, when I saw that other girl in your arms, that I had been fooling myself. I experienced not the slightest hurt or grief when I stumbled upon your rendezvous, and that's for the reason that you don't mean anything to me, Howard. I'm sorry."

She walked slowly away from him, leaving him alone with his diamond. She felt free and contented again. She could have shuddered at the thought of how close she had come to marrying Howard Kipp.

Danny saw her as she joined the throng again. Oh, to be able to approach Ysabel and ask for permission to dance with her. Imagine how Howard must feel, being engaged to her. Lucky man that he was. Danny shook the bars of his cage moodily at the thought of Howard, and the people who had been watching him put a respectful distance between themselves and the savage.

It was at that moment that a man sauntered up to the cage, a man whom Danny dreaded seeing more than anyone else on earth, the editor who had been his confederate in this awful business. Danny lay down in the cage and moved close to the bars. The music was wailing wild and loud, and they were alone, thanks to his recent attack on the cage.

"Well, you make a perfect savage," commented the editor. "Neat work, Old Boy. Congratulations."

"What are you doing here?" Danny asked.

"In the interests of science, of course. All the scientific men are here to look you over, and so am I."

"Fine mess, too," said Danny. "Wish I'd never got in it."

"Well, you'll be out of it right after they stop dancing."

"What do you mean?" Danny asked quickly.

"The unmasking, of course. The exposure."

"Tonight?"

"Can you think of a better time? There are a lot of reporters here and all of our charming rivals. I repeat, can you think of a better time?"

"A much better time," said Danny. "This won't be the night."

"You're mistaken," replied the editor. "This is the time and the place, Danny. One more encore, and the dance will be over. Then I'll introduce you."

"The devil you will," said Danny.

"The devil I won't. What do you think all this was to me? A lark? No, sir, this is business, and all's fair in love and business."

"Talking of love," said Danny, "makes me repeat that I will not let you expose this thing tonight."

"Oh," said the editor, "who is she?"

"That's got nothing to do with it," said Danny, and continued with beautiful obliqueness to say, "I can't make a fool of Professor Atwater in front of his friends like this."

"So it's Miss Atwater? Tough luck, Danny, this being her engagement celebration. But all that is quite beside the point. The point being that off comes your savage glamour in just about one more minute."

"I refuse," Danny said roundly.

"Sorry you feel that way, Terry, but this is a little matter of business with me."

The music stopped and the couples began to drift from the dance floor. Danny looked madly round for inspiration. Something had to be done, and done at once. Already Professor Atwater's fool's paradise was tottering weakly. The editor was preparing to make an address to those who stood nearest. Danny looked longingly toward the door. If they had only not caged him. Perhaps he could escape before the exposure was made. But he was caged. And then Danny remembered the fragility of his prison; he could escape with a little effort. He could, but the doorway was blocked with men who would not be afraid to tackle a runaway savage, men who had dealt with cannibals. The windows? One was right behind his cage. It was covered with baize, and a tropical plant crawled lazily across it, but a second's work on that would clear it. He had to get away from this place, had to interfere with the editor's plans. Swiftly Danny began to work on the bars.

"Look!" screamed one of the women. Every eye in the place turned toward the savage, who was working furiously toward an escape.

"Don't be frightened," said the editor. "He will hurt no one. He is——"

But the words were drowned in a babble of voices and women's hysterics.

There was an infinitesimal space of time when everyone stood helpless, unable to move toward Danny. Then of one accord the crowd surged toward him. It was the very moment that Terry broke from his cage and leaped through the window. Nothing held them back now. Through the window and through the door hurried the guests in pursuit. Professors, flappers, business men, and society ladies swarmed the grounds of the Atwater house. The savage had to be recaptured.

Ysabel stood alone for one moment in the deserted hall, then she too joined the searchers. She had no idea where an escaped wild man would run but she fled to a part of the estate where no one had yet sought him. Danny, lying silently under some bushes, saw her, alone and unafraid under the stars. Lovely Ysabel! If only things had been different. And then she spoke. Danny's pulse pounded and leapt with joy and amazement, for what she said in a low, clear voice was:

"Man from the Mariposa Islands, if you are near enough to hear me, come out of hiding. I know you can understand me."

Danny debated for only a split second. Then he scrambled out of his hiding place and confronted her.

"I *was* right," said Ysabel. "You're not a savage."

"No," said Danny. "I almost wish I were."

"I felt from the start that you weren't."

"How?"

"Intuition, I suppose." She laughed a little. "That and a—profound interest in people who don't think that social activities are the most important thing on earth."

"Perhaps I do."

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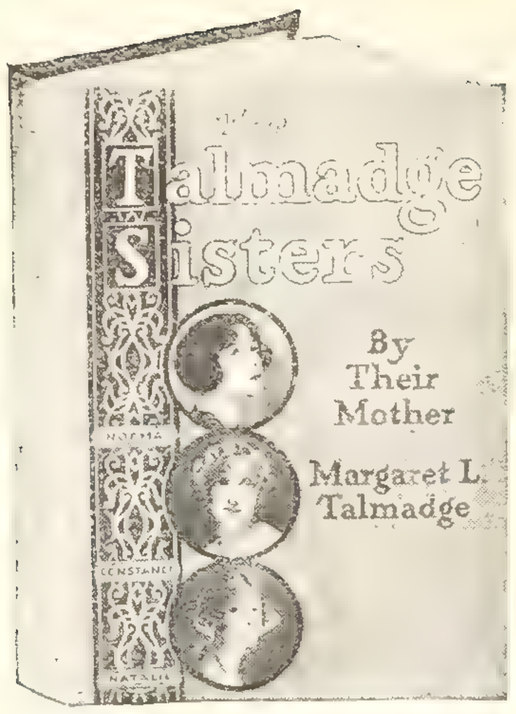

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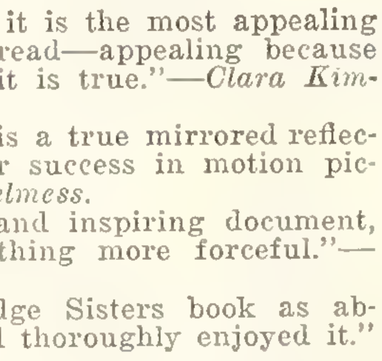

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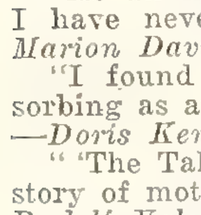

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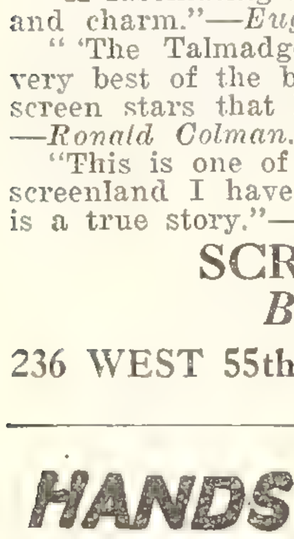

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She laughed again. "Is tonight your idea of a personal social triumph?"

"Not exactly, Miss Atwater. I want you to know that I'm terribly sorry that I played this insane game."

"Are you?"

"Yes, except that it gave me a chance to know you."

They stood together in the starshine, Ysabel with her wide, blue eyes raised to Danny's face and Danny entranced at her beauty and sweetness. The voices of his pursuers grew audible in the night. They were drawing near. They must not find him, they must not.

"I have something I want to tell you, Miss Atwater," Danny said hurriedly, "but I can't tell you here. There isn't time. Will you dodge your guests with me?"

She nodded, and Danny swiftly picked her up in his arms and ran with her across the velvet-smooth lawns of the Atwaters' conventional estate. The savage running through the purple night with his lady in his arms. What a picture for a Long Island moon to gaze down upon. Faster, faster Danny flew between the trees and flowerbeds. They were no longer on Professor Atwater's property. A huge, unlighted house arose before them now. Faster, Danny flew. That was no haven. The searchers would look there first. Past the house and down a little pebbly incline Danny ran with Ysabel clinging to him. A log cabin a few yards ahead made him quicken his pace even more vigorously. There would be time at least to tell Ysabel what he longed to tell her. The guests would be delayed with the feverish search they were bound to make of the big house.

The little cabin was drenched in moonlight. Ysabel slipped from his arms and looked about.

"It's so beautiful and still here," she said.

"Ah, I could show you stillness," Danny said. "I have been where people are few and gatherings such as you and I have just taken our leave of are unknown.

"Who are you, strange man?"

Danny told her. "Tell me that you don't quite hate me," he begged.

"Hate you?" The smile that Danny had known long before his meeting with the girl played about her lips. "No, I don't hate you."

"That's good news, Miss Atwater — Ysabel. For I love you, have loved you from the first moment I saw you."

"Oh, don't," she begged.

"Why not? Because of Howard Kipp? Mayn't I even tell you that I love you, even though it is hopeless?"

Ysabel gazed down at the silvered floor of the cabin. "I'm not engaged to Howard any more," she said. "That was all over tonight."

Danny's heart missed a beat. "You're free?" he questioned eagerly. "Oh, Ysabel darling, would you—could you——?"

He reached for her hand and she permitted it to linger there for a time. "Danny," she said, "don't let's talk about it now. Soon Father and the others will be upon us. Something has to be done."

"Will you let me talk about it later — dear?"

She nodded, and the earth with the stars and moon whirled gleamingly about Danny's ahead. But the hard truth of the position in which he was placed managed to recall him to the world of realities. Something had to be thought out, and at once. He couldn't keep running, and the sooner finis was written to the whole strange business, the sooner would he be able to ask Ysabel to be his wife. The bare thought of that moment almost made him forget to concentrate on the matter at hand.

"If only you didn't have that beard, Da ny," said Ysabel. "I doubt that you wou be recognized without it. Oh, isn't there pair of scissors here or something?"

Danny hunted with feverish haste amor the articles on a corner shelf. It was ha to tell at what moment the Professor's gues would descend upon them. The shelf pr sented no solution to his difficulty, but little cabinet above it called Danny's atte tion. He opened the tiny door and ga vent to an exclamation of delight.

"Here's a razor," he cried. "It must b true that the whole world loves a lover."

"Oh, use it fast, Danny. I'm afraid th I hear them on the grounds close by."

Danny shaved rapidly. Then pulled o some rough working clothes which he foun He'd had better shaves, but none for whic he was so grateful. The blade flew in h hand, madly, swiftly. Ysabel had bee right, the party was close by. Danny cou hear them plunging through the shrubbe and shouting inane advice to each othe He didn't care now. His tonsorial task w over and he and Ysabel had laid their plan Theatric and wild they seemed, but fro start to finish the affair had had no co nection with reality. Professor Atwat would be chagrined and grieved, but on because he would never know what he ha been spared. Danny turned to Ysabel.

"I'm greatly changed, am I not?" h asked anxiously. "No one could recogni me, do you think?"

"I could." She smiled, and Dann wouldn't have taken a million dollars f the meaning that lay behind her words.

And so it happened that just as th thrilled and excited guests drew near the l cabin a feminine scream rode out on th night.

"It's Ysabel," Mrs. Atwater cried. "Hu ry to that log cabin!"

They hurried, piling in with mixed fee ings of terror and hope that they were n too late.

"He was here," gasped Ysabel. "Th savage — he was here."

"You're not hurt, daughter, are you" Professor Atwater in the horror of the m ment forgot that perhaps his white savag was lost forever. He could only see Ys bel's hair in a loose swirl lying over h shoulders and that her gown was ripped.

"No, I'm not hurt. I was in his way she continued breathlessly. "I tried to ho him. Of course I couldn't. It was fooli of me. This man here, the caretaker, trie too and couldn't. The savage got awa through the window."

The guests, all of them now assemble stood grouped about. They looked at th prostrate form of a man who lay on th floor.

"Poor fellow," someone remarked. "H probably took a dreadful blow from th barbarian."

"We must do something for him later, said Mrs. Atwater vaguely.

But even as he spoke, the caretaker sa up and looked about thoughtfully.

"Guess I'm all right," he smiled. didn't know you kept a savage. Though it was a thief or something, the way th young lady here was so set on getting hin Went through the window, he did."

Which reminded the assemblage that the mission was not to listen to a caretaker re count what Ysabel had already told them.

"Get back to the house, Ysabel," sai Mrs. Atwater. "I think your manner o searching is a bit too enthusiastic."

The others smiled in appreciation of Mr Atwater's humor, and they scattered into th grounds to resume their search.

Ysabel and Danny stood side by side in silence till the sounds of the pursuit could be but faintly heard. Then Danny said,

"May I tell you now, Ysabel, that I love you?"

"Need you?" she asked.

"Perhaps not. But remember, darling, I haven't the assurance that you seem to have. Perhaps you only like me a little. I haven't been told anything about that."

Ysabel laughed. "Oh, Danny, do you remember what Mother once said about you? That you instinctively feel?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was just thinking it's a pity you don't, because if you did, Danny dear, you'd feel that you were loved very much by someone in this vicinity."

"Honestly?"

"Honestly."

Danny kissed her then. Almost any man would have under the circumstances. It's the custom among civilized people.

Oh That Party at the Sixty Club

(*Continued from page 37*)

and dining rooms, these were welcome gifts.

"And even if they don't care for them or have too many already, they can always save them and give them away next Christmas," Patsy, who has her thrifty moments, remarked.

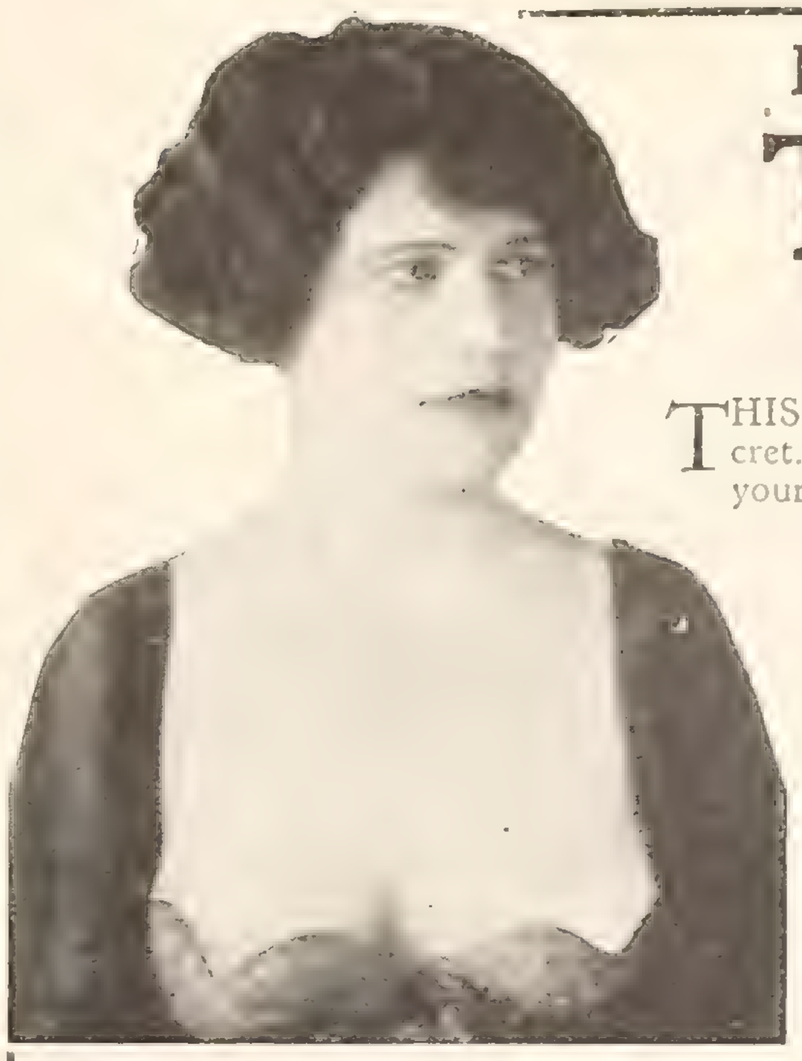
Ruth Roland came with that nice Ben Bard, to whom she is reported engaged, though neither will own up. She was dressed as a circus tent, though, as John aptly remarked, she got no help from nature, not being built that way at all. She wore a sort of wide Yama-Yama hat, supposed to be the "big top," and a wide, short skirt, held out by hoops, further to represent a tent. She won the prize for the most humorous costume.

It did seem as though Jane Winton should have won a prize, but somehow her costume didn't seem to fall under any of the general heads. She wore a Follies costume, with pink tights, and a sort of spiral skirt of black velvet that reached down on one leg to the knee, but on the other side revealed her very pretty leg. Tiny rosebuds, whole festoons of them, adorned the dress. Jane was with Leo Kent, Ruth Roland's former husband, with whom Jane is going about a lot these days.

Another prize, that for the most original costume, was awarded to Dorothy Cummings, Frank Eliot's wife, who wore a Red Cross nurse's costume — "very" much idealized," as Patsy put it. She looked so lovely that Norman Kerry pretended at once to be terribly ill, begging her to come over and lay her hand on his fevered brow. But Eddie Lowe cut him out, because he pretended to have a broken leg, and that that was a great deal more important than a mere fever, demanding instant attention. And poor Dorothy was frightened to death when Tyler Brooke popped his head up from under her table, stating that the acting bug had bitten him and he should die if he didn't have care right away!

Sherry Adams is becoming better and better known, these days. She drew a prize for wearing the most beautiful costume, a Colonial dress, with high white wig.

Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, who I don't have to tell you again is Mrs. Lloyd, came clothed in evening dress, and when I saw them last they were dancing together, and Harold was whispering confidentially into Mildred's ear. At their table, Harold



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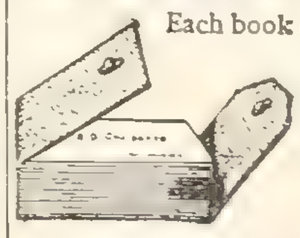

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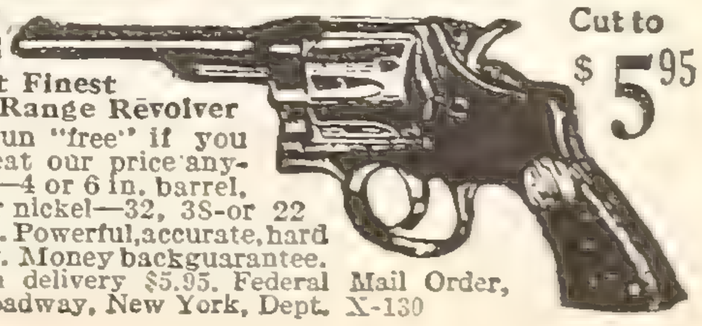

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*¶ Pete Morrison takes a short cut to the mess tent. If his nag stumbles * * * * !*

and his party were conducting little guessing contests over tricks with matches and key-rings. That is Harold's fad. We talked to Mildred, and she said she didn't know however Harold was going to leave his little daughter, whom he simply idolizes. He was preparing to go to New York.

"The baby went to sleep in Harold's arms, this morning, and he just refused to go to work until she woke up," Mildred explained.

But Harold said, "Aw, don't tell that!"

Lilyan Tashman wore a form fitting black velvet gown with a flowing sort of tie—a costume which she herself described as a princess costume. She and Eddie Lowe as usual danced beautifully together — better than they danced with any other partner—a thing, as Patsy said, itself to keep them from ever quarreling and separating.

That chubby Buddie Post was just too funny in pink rompers, while Virginia Brown Faire looked lovely in a Russian costume — black velvet trimmmed with white ermine.

Norman Kerry wore dinner clothes, and declared he had come disguised as a gentleman with an Andalusian accent. He looked awfully handsome, and of course was as witty and charming and popular as ever.

Jobyna Ralston in a tam o'shanter and pleated skirt with silk blouse, herself described her costume as "Why Worry, or What Have You?"

That clever Ernest Bodja was there, dancing with Florine Williams, and of course Florine danced with husband Earl Williams a lot, too.

Absolutely newcomers to the Sixty Club were Bryant Washburn and his wife, Mabel Forrest. Both wore evening dress, and said they were having such a good time that they meant never to be absent nor tardy from the Sixty again.

Everybody was a bit non-plussed when a gorgeous Hawaiian girl in native grass skirt costume appeared on the scene. Then we saw John Murray, who had come as "the guy with the green gloves," and knew the girl who had come with him simply must be Vivian Oakland, his wife. Somebody wanted her to dance the hula, but she decorously declined, though she admitted coyly that she did know how to dance it, and really well enough, too, to do credit to the costume.

Scotland was well represented by Tyler Brooke and Bob Edeson, both wearing tam-o'-shanter caps. But Tyler was a gay highlander, who looked as if he might do a fling any minute, while Bob wore soberer garb. He said that the Scotch scenery was practically compulsory, inasmuch as his chin whiskers, which he had been wearing in a picture, simply couldn't be shaved off, and he thought they didn't really suit any other kind of clothes. Anyway Bob looked so awfully like a Scotchman, as Patsy said, that the waiter seemed to be almost afraid to hand him the bill!

Elinor Glyn was there, looking as nice as ever in her smooth-fitting gown. She was one of the judges to award the prizes, and she at once noted the jewels on Sherry Adams' costume. The jewels, you know, were real — emeralds, garnets and pearls! Eric Von Stroheim was the other costume judge. He got a lot of laughs by pretending to be terribly solemn over his job.

Laura La Plante looked pretty and neat and cute as ever, and as usual was bossing her director, William Seiter, around. Delightful Peggy Fears, who lately had the courage to walk out on Flo Ziegfeld and the Follies, was on hand, too. Everyone seems to like her very much.

"I suppose that Madeline Hurlock thinks she is disguising herself quite enough by cutting her hair and wearing that boyish bob," said Patsy. Madeline wore a very diaphanous evening gown, with wide skirt, and I believe hoops, and we were awfully disappointed that the lights were so dim that they didn't shine through the skirt. It was a lovely white gown, and was supposed to be most effective with the light shining through and making it a shadow gown.

Of course Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor were there, both looking handsome, and Irene Rich looked sweet, as did also Julanne Johnston and Evelyn Brent.

Priscilla Dean came dressed in a black lace and taffeta evening gown, made very long, and we thought she meant it for a fancy dress, but she said no, that was her idea of an evening gown.

A new millionaire attended Anita Stewart —you know Anita simply must have her millionaire — but Kathleen Clifford seems quite happy with the same one, Meo Illitch, the banker.

Nobody Charlestoned very much, although there are a few inveterates like Ruth Roland, who doesn't feel the evening is complete until she has stepped a little in that exotic performance. On the other hand, the waltz seems to be coming back.

The spotlights and the colored lights made the Biltmore's French ball room with its pink and ivory finishing very lovely indeed, and the floor, being of marble, has a certain quality of reflection that is beautiful in effect.

The Sixty is to unbend from all its winter-seasonal dignity and become very gay during the coming summer, when its dances are

¶ Marian Nixon and her mascot.

to be turned into picnics at the beach clubs, of which a vast number line the coast in and around Santa Monica, a suburb of Los Angeles.

We parted at two a. m., John, Patsy and I, and I heard John murmur to Patsy:

"God love you! — when I'm not around!"

In Hollywood They're So Darned Athletic

(*Continued from page 31*)

"Rooney" is just a scrub Airedale that was brought to the studio to be a companion to a big St. Bernard that Doug and Mary brought back from Europe.

He has since become a great football fan and spends the livelong day carrying a football around, its lacing thong in his mouth, entreating someone to kick it so that he may retrieve it.

"Kick it for him," my actor friend said.

I tried to, Ed., but the grass must have been wet or something for I slipped and fell backwards over a hedge and a goat butted me around a little bit before I could get out of the way.

Doug, Harold Lloyd and Jack Holt are three motion picture stars who keep plugging away at their sports although Kathryn Perry is an excellent golf player; Norma Shearer, a swimmer; Patsy Ruth Miller, a tennis player, and Buster Keaton a baseball player.

George O'Brien and Fred Thomson, of course, were once champion all-round athletes and, though picture work takes up most of their time now, they have never "broke training".

"Chuck" Lewis is another old time athlete who has a good job in Hollywood. His performance on the Olympic team attracted Doug's attention and now Doug has him permanently on his staff as a trainer, taking him East whenever he goes, and even to Europe.

From Fairbanks' we went over to Harold Lloyd's picture factory. It really consists of a handball court with a studio annex for Harold works hours every day on the handball court. While Fairbanks' sports are varied Lloyd sticks to the game he likes best.

Harold was playing handball when we arrived and finally this actor I had on my payroll went up and talked to him. He must have told Lloyd who I was for Lloyd asked me to play a hand with him, or whatever you call it.

We started in and say, Ed., Lloyd hit that ball so hard that I stopped in the middle to watch the ball go past and the next thing I knew I was at home in bed.

The doctor said I had turned my neck around completely three times trying to keep my eye on the ball.

I tried to explain it to my wife but she said:

"Quite a likely tale. You were probably standing in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard trying to watch all those movie gals at one time."

The next day, Ed., we went to see Rudolph Valentino box. And now I know why Jack Dempsey quit fighting and went to acting. He was afraid Valentino would quit acting and go to fighting.

Over at Warner Brothers' studio Monte Blue was doing pretty much the same thing only he was working out with one of these dummy looking things.

"Why don't you show him how to hit it?" my actor-guide asked me.

Well, Ed., I missed it the first time but the second time I hit it right on the end of the nose. It must have had round heels or something, Ed. Anyhow it bounced right back at me and knocked me down and smashed my new Derby hat.

I returned home from the beach that night, Ed., to find my wife sort of mysterical. The afternoon papers were carrying a story about a little incident I had had and she had already seen it.

"James Tankard, well known writer," the headlines read, "loses eye while viewing bathing beauty parade."

I couldn't make my wife believe that I been spending the afternoon with George O'Brien and one or two other people.

We hadn't been closer to that parade than—well, about fifty feet.

It was only my glass eye that I lost, anyway, and besides the newspapers got my name wrong.

"Oh, well, they got the tank part of it," my wife said, "and everybody knows that means you."

The next day, Ed., we had quite a tour. I was beginning not to think quite so much of my $7.50 a day actor, but he took me to see Kathryn Perry playing golf; Florence Vidor on her own tennis court at home; Lola Todd, Margaret Quimby and Marian Nixon skipping the rope, running foot races and turning cartwheels, Olive Borden was practicing sprinting and Joan Crawford, the Charleston.

"Why don't you give Joan a few Charleston lessons?" my actor says.

But, I'll ask you, Ed., what would a fellow tell his wife if he should come home with a leg missing?

On our way over to Betty Compson's and James Cruze's home we saw Bebe Daniels playing golf.

"A little light exercise like that is great for putting on a little weight," this actor fellow tells me.

On the way back we saw Bebe again. This time she was riding a horse.

"That's a great way to reduce," my broadcaster says.

Gee whiz! Ed., what can you do with a fellow like that.

Right then I was willing almost to believe that he had the entree or anything else I heard about him.

The next day we went over to the William Fox studios to see Tom Mix do some fancy riding and roping and then we went out to Universal where Hoot Gibson and Art Acord were doing some of the same.

They tell me that those fellows used to be the champion this-and-thats of the whole rodeo industry.

The money the three of them make together every week probably would buy every cow outfit in Texas.

"You spent two weeks down in Arizona once, didn't I hear you say?" my hired man says. "Why don't you show these birds how to ride?"

I wasn't feeling any too good but I don't want to offer any excuses for myself, Ed.

Maybe the horse had eaten something that didn't agree with him.

Or, maybe his wife nagged him. I don't know.

In any event, I had no more than mounted the brute when he humped his back and went bounding away in a most appalling manner.

I soon saw that the horse didn't want me to ride him. I was not enjoying it very much either, so I decided to get off and walk back. We hadn't gone very far.

But, as I dismounted a wild cactus that was going by at the time actually went out of its way to reach out and claw me viciously on the hands, arms, face, legs, chest, abdomen and back, not to mention other parts of my person. Then it seized one of my thumbs in its mouth and dashed away with it.

Well, Ed., I got home eventually and the

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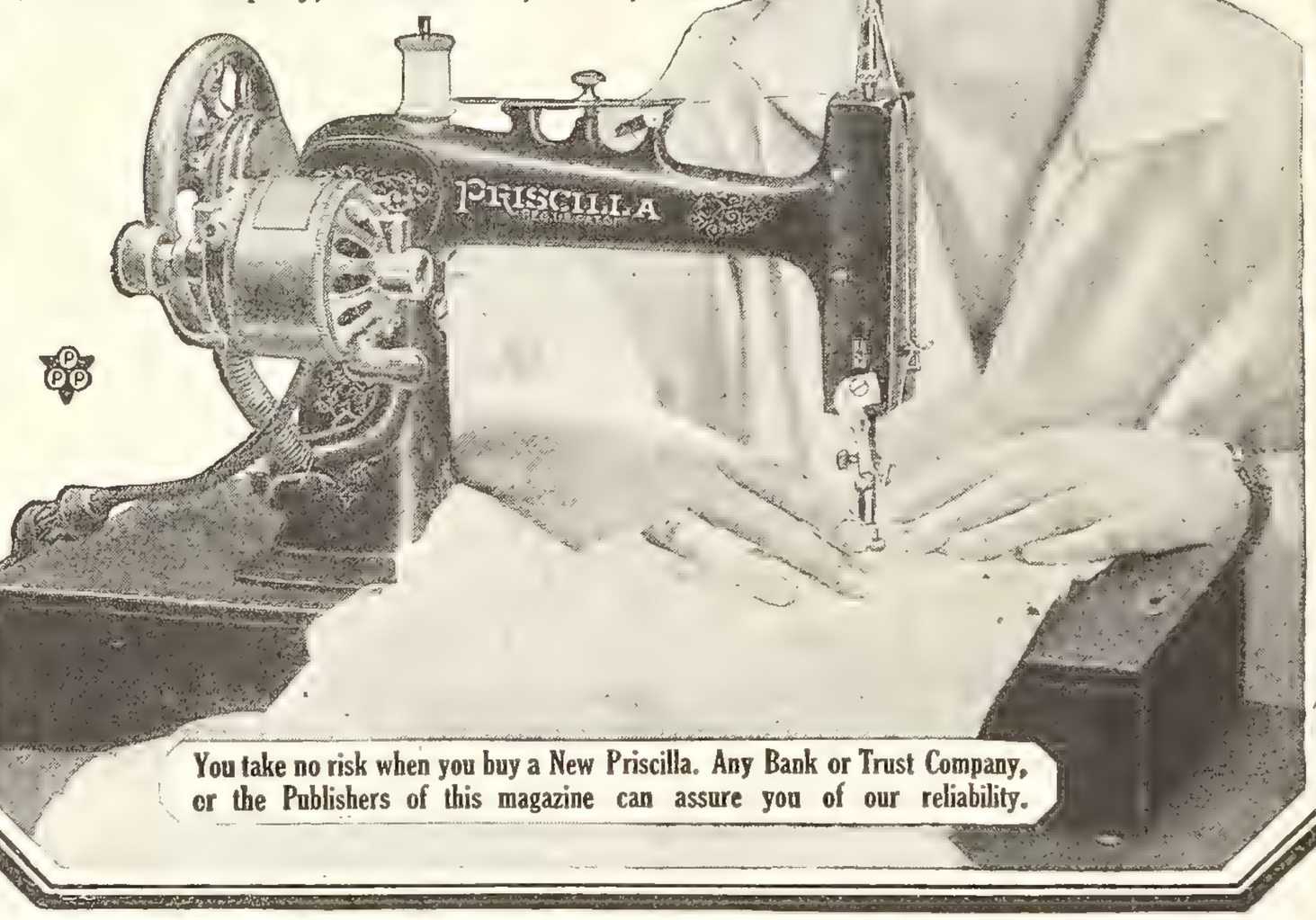

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doctor practically gave me his word that I was going to die.

Gee, it made me feel great.

But today he was in again and this time he said I might get well.

It almost makes me sick.

I wish I hadn't been quite so harsh with my wife at various times in the past.

But, if I do get well, Ed., I am resolved of one thing.

I'm going to play polo with Jack Holt, bull dog steers with Hoot Gibson and box with Monte Blue until I am perfect.

Then I'm going out and hit a $7.50 actor in the entree!

Sincerely yours,
JAMES TANKERSLEY.

No Thank You—

(Continued from page 29)

he was declared cured so far as the hip disease was concerned, but incurable as to his crippled state. He walked with a crutch, his crippled leg dangling eight inches above the ground, shrunken and useless. There was no hope that he could ever walk with it, the surgeons said.

But the former boy athlete would not accept their verdict. If the leg were gone, he reasoned, if its parts had been destroyed, there would be nothing to work on. But the leg was there, a sorry sort of leg, but still a leg, bones and ligaments intact. There was no reason, as he saw it, why it might not be restored to normal.

Here is where the youth—he was now sixteen—set himself to show how a mind may work its solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. What he did is an illustration of what mind and will-power may do when applied *practically.*

Reasoning that the mind may shape itself to its own wants, and can bear all things, young Russell set himself to evolve a method whereby he might restore the crippled member. From his boy-acrobat days he had learned the lesson that constant exercise of a particular part of the body, develops that part. Development of the crippled leg, therefore, was the task ahead of him.

He bought an old bicycle, put a motor on it, and with a strap attachment rigged it so that the eight-inch short leg could be worked by the pedal till the muscles rebelled at further effort. This kept up, day in and day out, for a year. He added new exercises as the leg grew and strengthened. It was tedious, monotonous work, painful too, but the lad who had been whole of limb once was determined to be whole again.

He became so, learned all over again how to walk, and picture-play patrons who have seen him as a boxer in "*Big Pal*" and in rough and tumble work in "*On Thin Ice*", "*Annie Christie*", "*Before Midnight*", and "*The Still Alarm*" — plays in which he has taken the chief virile parts, will testify to the completeness of the restoration.

Perhaps it is because he spent such effort in regaining his former physical perfection that Russell since then has taken the greatest pains to retain it. A power of will that was able to sustain him during the long months of self-surgery, has been easily capable of resisting temptation to self indulgence. He does not drink intoxicants, and smokes cigarettes only moderately.

Yet, careful as he is of himself, Russell shirks none of the risk of strenuous acting for the screen. In none of his rough-rider or longshoreman parts has he called on a "double" to do any of the acts. As a result he has now and then been cut up a bit, but is none the worse for these experiences.

The lesson of his life is the great capabil-

ity of the mind. As exemplified by Russell, it is clear that a voluntary power may be exercised over the mental processes; that they may be controlled, directed and regulated at will. Had the young athlete been willing to accept the decision of surgeons that he must be a cripple for life—as probably most persons would have done—he would have remained so, and he himself and the world of motion pictures would have been the losers.

Love Ships With Volga Boatman

(*Continued from page 27*)

(*Continued from page 31*)

Midshipman"? I think that is when I fell in love with him—when I saw him in that! For when I found I was to play opposite him in Mr. DeMille's "*The Volga Boatman*" I confess I was thrilled. He didn't know that tho!" — She laughed with a sly, mischievous glance at the very uncomfortable Bill who desperately took this chance to broadly shake his head at her to stop. Her eyes grew big and the pantomime that passed between them was worth screening. He registered in desperate reproval "Dearest, PLEASE don't say any more about me!" She registered a hurt "Why, what's the matter? What have I said!" Then fell a heavy, uncomfortable silence. I took pity on them then and said, "Then you just met each other on this picture?" Eleanor just nodded a vigorous assent and William murmured a subdued — "yes". The interviewing party was spoiled I could see that!

Eleanor Faire was a Wampus Baby Star in 1924. She played in "*The Miracle Man*", "*Kismet*" and "*Thru the Back Door*" with Mary Pickford and is to play opposite Rod LaRoque in his next picture. So the bride and groom will at last be on the same lot.

I asked them if they had been on a Honeymoon. William said, "No, we are on our Honeymoon now and expect to keep on our Honeymoon all the rest of our lives." Eleanor's answering smile was near to tears, and I could see that even Screen brides are sensitive and that Screen husbands wonder like ordinary ones — "Well, what is thunder have I said that hurt her? What a big brute I am anyway!" I could plainly see it was time for my Honeymoon interview to come to a tactful end so that a readjustment could take place and a Bride's injured feelings assuaged in the usual groomy way — with perhaps a little cursing of his brutal self on the side, etc.

With hearty hand shakes and wishes for years and years of Honeymooning I left them. As I left the Studio I felt sorry for the next interviewer for I felt sure Eleanor would never be quite so delightfully frank and voluble again..

On Location with Richard Dix

(*Continued from page 25*)

in the most amazing winning streak the cowpunchers ever bucked!

Sure, it was luck. Rich was a fine guy; they didn't mind losing their rolls to him; but, dawgone it, poker is to Texas what culture is to Boston, an' it kinda bumped a Texan right in the dignity when an actor from New York could come along and beat not one cowpuncher, but six! The poker-

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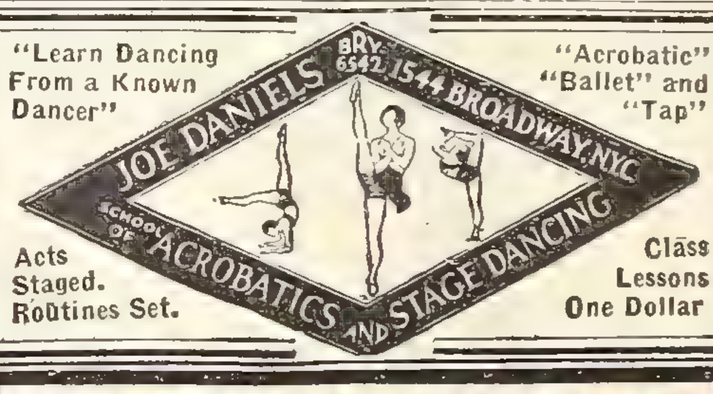

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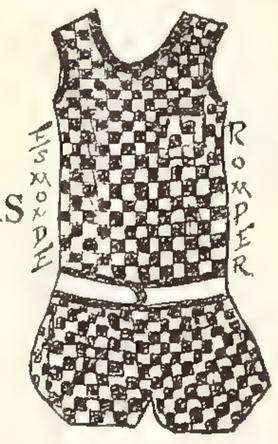

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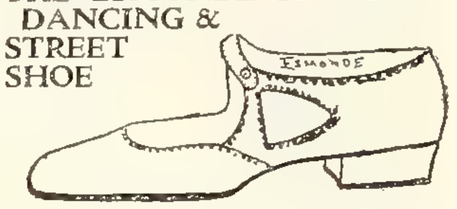

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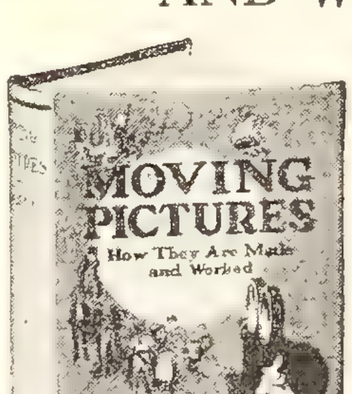

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pride of Texas was impugned.

Well, his luck couldn't last for ever. Come on, worm—turn!

It turned! The cards that had run amazingly for Dix reversed and his chips went with them—reds, whites and blues in stacks, each stack a monument to his loss. The game took on new zest. Luck had finished and this was poker!

Another hour found Dix digging into his pockets while the Texans played and won new chaps, new hats, new saddles and spurs. Hooray for Texas! They were showing him now!

Still the gnarled spectator watched Rich's hand over his shoulder. His head cocked curiously. It rather conveyed the impression that Dix was crazy. Then he chuckled and stretched back with the uncanny measure of human understanding that hardbitten old reprobates possess, until the game ended. "Well boys. I'm cleaned." Dix confessed.

"Tough luck, but you're playing in a tough school"; six huskies consoled him, and after the door closed and Dix went battling through the rain towards the homestead. "He's reg'lar right enough; but, no sir, he can't play poker."

Up spake the oracle—down his pipe-stem. "You're durned tootin' he can't play poker. I been figuring out his game. You birds think you beat him. Say, he's been laying down full-hands against your straights and flushes; he's been tossing in three of a kind to your two pairs."

"*Huh!*" A surprised, incredulous chorus of "*Huh's!*"

"At first I couldn't understand it," the old man chuckled. "Then I doped it out this way. He'd beaten each of you for more than your month's pay—and he earned a hundred times more in one week than you do in a month. So he passed back your money and some of his own in a way that wouldn't get you sore. I seen his hands. If he'd played them, you fellas would 'a' been working for him for the next six months. But he played to lose. . . . Sure, he's reg'lar." . . .

Rich Dix has been on a hundred locations. If you went back over his tracks you'd strike a hundred communities flung between Alaska and the Caribbean Sea echoing the Texan verdict: "Sure, he's regular!" From them and from electricians and cameramen working around Paramount Long Island Studio, but never from Dix himself, you may hear real location tales. . .

I beg to banish the myth that all he-men of the screen are as eager for the great outdoors as their press-agents paint them. Why should they be? They're human. And listen, you boys who require your adventure served up in a movie seat:—It's nice to believe that adventure calls; but adventure is sweat while it's happening; and hardship only grows glamorous in retrospect when you tell your friends about it afterward over mellowed whiskey and a civilized cigar.

I remember how Larry Trimble, who used to produce those remarkable Stronghead pictures, pushed his fingers through his red hair in the desperation of casting "*The Lone Master*". The picture meant a winter and spring in Banff, the company practically frozen in for six months—men, women, dogs and wolves. Larry needed a male lead. Name after name was suggested and rejected. Didn't troup well—too much temperament—always wanting to take the first train back—grumblers.

"At that, you can't blame them," Larry confessed. "There are times when location work seems to send even the dogs and the wolves mad; for days it's not safe to go near them."

A first location trip is a lark. A fourt

still a novelty. A tenth is duty, routine. he comfortable studio is left behind regret- lly. But after a hundred location trips, ichard Dix informed me, news that his cur- nt production will take him afield carries welcome change from the regularity of udio environment. There's always the romise of "action stuff". That spirit ex- ains why Dix fits so thoroughly into the rroundings in which each new picture pre- nts him; and no man on the screen to-day as been seen against a wider variety of cturesque backgrounds. He is the ideal cation star.

Action stuff thrills him. When those nto racing scenes in "*The Lucky Devil*" ere being filmed the director, Frank Tuttle, bjected to Dix risking his life. "Your face ill never show in this scene," Tuttle plead- l. "We've hired a professional daredevil." "It's *my* face isn't it?" Dix laughed and me through the day without a scratch.

Tuttle sighed out his relief. "Lucky evil!"—and incidentally that remark be- me the title of the picture.

"Sure," Dix agreed. "But the double ight not have been." . . . .

Paradoxically the worst location trip Dix er achieved brought the most beautiful re- lts—those gorgeous backgrounds of "*The anishing American*".

There were sunsets when purple shadows retched eastward from the buttes and the w sun, revealing unseen depressions in the ainted Desert, washed them red and brown d blue until from the hills to the lavendar orizon breathless color tried to condone the ark brutality of day.

But the days never could be forgotten by e company living week after week under nvas and blazing sun — targets for such ndstorms as drive only across the Painted esert. They had wandered 130 miles from hite civilization at Flagstaff, Arizona, far d deep into wasteland hues which lay on eir faces as grime, and what the screen ould frame as a thousand glorious can- sses burned and blistered in reality. There as nothing to hearten them. Just when ey would plough back through the hori- ns was too distant to forecast. Here in- eed was Tophet, a location of everlasting rment; and their devil was a nine-year-old dian boy, who had not even won a name r himself. They called him Manhammer's n.

Cast for the part of Nasja in "*The Van- hing American*", his rôle was an important ne, but Manhammer's Son wrapped himself stolid Indian indifference, or perhaps a gnified fear of these whites who were new d strange to him, and who ordered him to erform before a camera that was equally ew and awesome.

The company watched and prayed. No hope of breaking camp until the lad could be induced to act. Day followed day. There seemed no way to pierce the little fellow's reserve. At last Director George Seitz gave him up.

"See what you can do with the kid, Rich. He's beyond me."

So on Dix fell the job of winning the boy's friendship. Dollars helped not at all. Manhammer's Son silently accepted the coins, examined them, grunted a word or two in Navajo, and threw them in the sand. Dix tried candy from the cook's tent, but this the lad took as something due to him, and the gift brought Dix no closer than before. . . .

The end of another gasping day. At the foot of the butte, weather-beaten automobiles and trucks formed a rampart for tents; figures dawdled about and smelled hungrily of cook-house odors.

Somebody asked, "Where's Rich?"

Somebody answered, "Over beyond looking at the desert."

Somebody groaned.

Dix lingered on the butte.

The colors of sunset beat on his body, bared to the waist. A lizard poked out of a crevice, darted its blue tongue, and wondered at his weariness. The vast stillness and silence arrested him. A soft twang; then an arrow struck the ground a few feet from him. On a knoll nearby stood Manhammer's Son defiantly holding a small bow.

Picking up the arrow, Dix carried it to the boy and presented it gravely. Then he returned to where he had stood before. Manhammer's Son shot again. Again the arrow was delivered in person by the human target. Five times the performance was repeated; each time added to the lad's admiration and decreased his desire to shoot.

Manhammer's Son accepted the sixth return of the arrow with a grin. He fitted it to the bow and aimed in another direction.

"Go get him!" he ordered.

Dix retrieved the arrow. He retrieved a dozen more at the little redskin's bidding before Manhammer's Son opened his heart enough to admit a paleface. [You must know this: Manhammer was a chief; his fathers had been chiefs before him; and the kingly line carried a tradition of command, to which Richard Dix was happy to bow.]

Queer isn't it? The obedience of one of the screen's greatest stars to Manhammer's Son established a friendship that made it easy to direct the lad thereafter. Even more than that—it completed the motion picture epic of the same redskin pride that burned in that unconquerable little imp.

I've Met Them All

(*Continued from page 23*)

I was up very early this morning, you now—riding in the Park." "I thought you ere going to Bermuda, last week," I re- lied, with a tone usually reserved for the assic line, "So's your Aunt Emma."

"At nine o'clock in the morning," said ouise Brooks very earnestly, "Bermuda, or eaven, are equally distasteful to me."

It was *one* o'clock in the morning—and nita Stewart was sound asleep. She was nvolved in a law-suit at the time and I had o get the "low-down". A sleepy voice rom her bedroom called, "Come on in," nd entering I saw a sleepy but sweet- empered star scrambling into a negligee. "I don't mind a bit, really," she smiled. "I'm glad to see you any time (I believed her). Do you mind if I don't put up my hair? Ma, let's have some hot coffee." Anita is in a class by herself.

Surprises? I met D. W. Griffith on the beach of his old studio in Mamaroneck, on Long Island Sound—the beautiful old place which has since been destroyed by fire; it was more like a summer home than a film factory. If you can imagine Hamlet in kilts you will get some idea of the way I felt when I saw David Wark in his bathing suit. But gosh, the man could swim—and he did. This Olympian seemed to be try-

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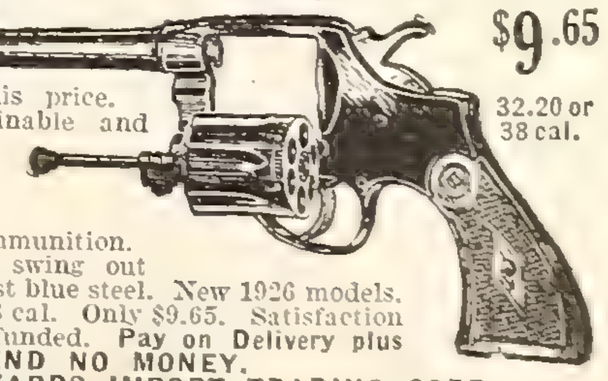

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ing to qualify for the Olympic games. He pointed over the sparkling water to where a little sloop was riding the waves. "There's my yacht," said the great director. "Though some would call her a cat-boat!"

Lillian Gish, Griffith's star pupil, is a water-lily. One sunny day when I had to interview her I followed her into the Sound to do it, with the satisfaction of watching the frail queen of tragedy crawl (Australian, you know) away from me while I imbibed large portions of the Atlantic trying to catch up. When you see Mimi dying, don't feel too cut up. Miss Gish is only fooling.

But I suppose, like the first baby, the first car, or the first pair of long ones, it's the first interview that brings the real kick. And mine was with Douglas Fairbanks. He was Doug then to everybody, and he chewed gum, and he said "Gee Whiz!" all the time. I met him and his big brother, Robert, on the roof of his hotel where photographers were busy snapping him in action. They expected Doug to pose umping over the side into space. Doug was willing but Brother Bob said no. Doug balanced on one foot over the edge, turned cartwheels, and came up smiling. He then asked the camera men if there was any other little thing they wanted him to do. "Shall I hang by my heels from the ledge?" he asked. Just then his brother came and led him away. Afterwards, Doug jumped over chairs and tables for my special benefit and offered to swing from the chandelier. He was so nice that when I went away I found I'd forgotten everything he said except "Gee Whiz". And you couldn't write an interview about that. Not knowing any better, I called him up that evening while he was attending an important dinner in his honor and asked him a lot of questions. He laughed and said, "Sure—can you take this down? All set?" —and then—"Have you got enough? Call me again if you get stuck. What's that? Why, no trouble at all—Gee whiz!"

Little Mary was touring in the interests of the Liberty Loan campaign when I first met her. What a cunning thing she was, in her trim suit of khaki, Sam Brown belt, boots, and perky cap topping the famous curls. Maybe you have forgotten that Pickford, Chaplin, and Fairbanks dropped their own work during the war to canvas the country selling bonds. They were mobbed everywhere they went, but they sold a lot of bonds. Mary's speech was made before eager audiences in theatres, city halls, and on the street; and although she was scared to death half the time—she's always been shy and always will be—she never showed it. I watched her comb those curls as she asked me who I'd been meeting and told me all I wanted to know about the stars I hadn't met yet. "Don't you love the Gishes?" she asked. "When my brother Jack was little and we asked him who he was going to marry when he grew up, he'd always answer, 'Dorothy Gish'. Our families have always been friends." The next time I saw Mary she was Mrs. Fairbanks, on her honeymoon. Doug was Douglas because Mary called him that. She showed me her trousseau, too.

Tommy Meighan and Wally Reid were the best of pals; and they came up to be interviewed together—a mutual protection society. Wally made me feel at home by calling me by my first name right away. Tommy was shyer, but I liked him too. Then they each grabbed an arm and before I knew it I was between them and we were having our picture taken. The next time I saw Wally he was being shaved. Wally never stood on ceremony. His lathered face was wreathed in smiles as he narrowly escaped contact with the razor his valet was brandishing. He greeted me with a whoop and settled back for the interrupted shave.

"Look at that new picture of Dot and Bill—just came this morning," he said proudly. "I'm glad to be in New York but I do miss them. Say, I love this part of Peter Ibbetson. Gives me a chance to act, you know, really act." The light comedy-dramas Wally was starred in pleased everybody but him. The George Fitzmaurice production of Peter Ibbetson, nicknamed *Forever,* was his favorite film.

Tommy came to see me again not so long ago. I wanted an interview but we couldn't hit on a date when I would have time to go out to the Long Island studio. "Never mind," said Tommy, "I'll run up and see you." And he arrived at SCREENLAND's office on the minute, devastating the office force with his Irish grin. Interviewing isn't so bad!

Theda Bara scared me half to death once, just the same. La Bara, when I met her, was on the crest of the wave as a vamping star. Her *Carmen* and *Salome* were the last words. She was installed in state, at mid-day, in a darkened incensed room, attired in dark draperies; but the room wasn't half as incensed as I was when she began to "pull her line". It was a good "line" if you liked that sort of thing. She was supposed to have come from Egypt with stopovers in Paris—when she really hailed from Ohio, just plain Theodosia Goodman. I went away and wrote the interview just as it happened. Darkened room at mid-day, draperies, "line" and all. Son after it was published I received the following letter from La Bara:

"There is One who avenges all lies, insults, and betrayals. I leave it in His Hands". It was signed Theda Bara in her exotic scrawl. Wouldn't that make you shiver?

I had two days to interview Anita Loos, John Emerson, and Frances Marion. They invited me to their house in Great Neck for the week-end. That was before Frances became Mrs. Fred Thomson and went to California to live. We went to call on the Talmadges nearby, and on the way came upon two sylvan figures strolling, hand in hand, along a leafy lane. The pretty blonde girl wasn't swinging a sunbonnet and the youth wore correct white flannels; but the effect was very young and rustic all the same. They were Richard Barthelmess and Constance Talmadge. Now that it's all ancient history, it's fun to recall that Dick and Connie's "crush" might have had matrimonial results if Mother Peg Talmadge had not decided that Constance was too young and that, besides, Dicky was just a struggling juvenile! He was Dorothy Gish's leading man then, while Connie was already a full-fledged star under Joe Schenck's brotherly wing. That meeting with young Richard led to a real, formal interview-luncheon at the Algonquin, which was interrupted every few minutes by mysterious messages of "Phone call for Mr. Barthelmess" by a smiling page-boy. Finally Dick came back grinning. "It's Connie and Earle Foxe and Johnny Hines out there," he said. "They must think they're funny." The reason for the kidding —it was Dick's very first interview.

A ball-game featuring Babe Ruth, viewed in a box with Tom Mix, would be most small boys' idea of paradise. I wasn't so thrilled. The Mix box was a like a cage at the Zoo except that we had to buy our own peanuts. Tom wore one of his famous white suits and huge hat, while his wife, Vicky Forde, wore many of her beautiful jewels. Babe Ruth advanced, shook hands and posed while the cameras snapped. As we were leaving, Tom said to Vicky: "Bet-

put your diamonds in your bag while go through the crowd." He need not e worried. We had police protection.

The first time I really got to know Harold yd was when we both fell into the same w-drift at Times Square. I had lunched matinee-ed with Harold but Harold is , and only our mutual misfortune placed on a really friendly basis. Since then e met him in offices, where he talked tures; in hotels, where he showed me the y latest portraits of Middy and the y; and the last time, at a hockey game Madison Square Garden. Harold was ited to be the guest of the Garden that ht and to cast the first puck—an honor orded only to popular governors and stars. Harold said he'd go but he uldn't "show". The management prom- not to announce the comedian. Harold in his box unrecognized. Maybe some the people wondered who the nice, quiet ng man was to whom Doug and Mary, or guests that night, waved across the na; but Harold escaped unmobbed and ole. Doug and Mary had to bow to the ndreds that stood up to applaud them as y came in; and they autographed a doz- fans' books.

t was Christmas Eve. Snow was falling the Yuletide bells were ringing—or if y weren't, they should have been. In a et restaurant in the forties, in New York, nan and a girl were having dinner; the was home-sick—it was her first Christ- s away from her family; and the man was ing to cheer her up. If I am not mis- en, he had given her a grand present— ooked suspiciously like a diamond. Noth- unusual in that? Well, they were Rich- Dix and Lois Wilson. I met Lois for first time that night; and spurred by Christmas spirit, she made me a present her views on things in general and her- in particular. "I'm tired of hearing self referred to only as 'The nice girl of llywood'," she wailed. "Really, there's re to me than that." She vowed she uld be emancipated; get herself a new rsonality; do herself over. Fe toasted her tea—in tea, I said. Every time I see is or Richard I like them better. But I st have been mistaken about that Christ- s present.

"Going on location" with Bill Hart was . It was a long time ago, and he had me from California to get some effete tern scenery. Bill posed for close-ups ainst the sky. They shot me, too, but I ned out to be the original face on the tting-room floor. To make up for it— Bill had warned me I wouldn't be an- er Pickford—he bought me a load of ly-pops and a dozen dolls; and he kids about the dolls to this day. What of Big girls play with them now.

Corinne Griffith chose the hottest day of t summer to make New York street scenes "*Classified*". Corinne came from Texas d didn't mind the **heat.** I didn't, and . I stuck it out as long as I could while rinne waved gaily from the flivver in ich she was riding with Jack Mulhall enever the director called "Cut". Only interviewer, I couldn't keep up the pace.

Shopping for an interview sometimes has compensations. Mabel Normand took with her from Cartier's to Hickson's and m there to Gattle's. I emerged with a e new bracelet. So, although that hap- ned a long, long time ago, I have never allenged Miss Normand's far-flung reputa- n as a generous giver. Because, while I ve since shopped with Mae Murray and ola Dana and Dorothy Gish, I have never brought anything home with me except a pair of aching dogs.

Speaking of Dorothy—once for a fashion interview I went with her to an expert coif- feur's to have her tresses water-waved. The Frenchman slaved over the Gish locks and then stood off to admire his handiwork. "That won't do at all," said Doorthy de- cidedly, and proceeded to mess up his mas- terpiece with relentless fingers and put in a wave of her own. That's Dorothy.

Ham and eggs with Olive Thomas at the end of a day spent with her at the studio— a delicious repast it was, to, served on an impromptu table on the floor of her living room—I'll never forget those ham and eggs! Olive had a dozen invitations to dinner; but she was tired, though she didn't look it; and she preferred the homey fare to the Ritz cuisine. While I was there, a package came. It contained a luxurious sealskin wrap, and I heard Olive tell her maid to wrap it up again and send it to her mother. There was no publicity pretense about that girl. She didn't give a darn what you said about her. I think of all the stars I ever met, Olive was the most fun.

It has been a long time since Pearl White made pictures over here, but she's not for- gotten. I remember the time she came up out of her own private portion of the At- lantic to meet me. She was in swimming with Georges Carpentier and she didn't want to be interviewed and she didn't care who knew it. Pearl wasn't averse to publicity; she just resented being bothered to get it. She was entertaining a gay party, including the French champ and Texas Guinan, at her Bayside home. But I stuck around and be- fore it knew it, Pearl was ringing for one of her several butlers to bring a pitcher of milk — yes, really milk—which we drank; and then she took her through her huge, old-fashioned mansion. It was almost as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Pearl didn't go in for rugs or furniture. A grand piano was the only ornament the drawing room could boast. Pearl's own boudoir wasn't the scented and rose-hung nest of many stars—Hope Hampton, for one; it was as austere as a cell. "Here are some funny things I brought back from Paris, last time," she said, flinging a pair of ostrich-feather mules at me. Scoop! They were the first ostrich-feather mules in America! Pearl said then she was apt to leave America flat to live in Paris any old time. She kept her word. It might have been those beastly interviews.

But after all, Strongheart is the most sat- isfactory of all the stars. He never talks back. He doesn't complain about what you said in your last story; he maintains a haughty silence, giving the impression that he is above such trivialities. I knew Strong- heart "when"—yes, sir, before he was a real, established star. I met him when he first came to this country, before he got ac- quainted with elevators and had to be inter- viewed in the open. Chaperoned by Larry Trimble, we walked along Fifth Avenue, while ladies fainted, traffic signals were sus- pended in mid-air, and little children ran up and rashly attempted to pat his silky head. Strongheart, no ordinary movie star, didn't relish petting. He stood for it like a gentleman until one little boy asked him for his autograph; then he put his paw down. There was nothing silly or frivolous about this noble personality. He's happily mar- ried now and the father of a large family; but I hear he is still above saying anything about best pals and severest critics. Just the same, he knows some cute match tricks; and you can't tell me he isn't a gay old dog when he lets himself go.

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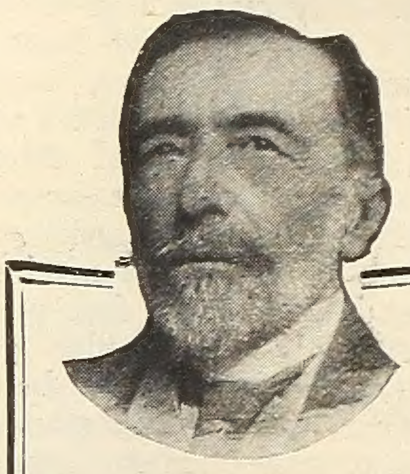

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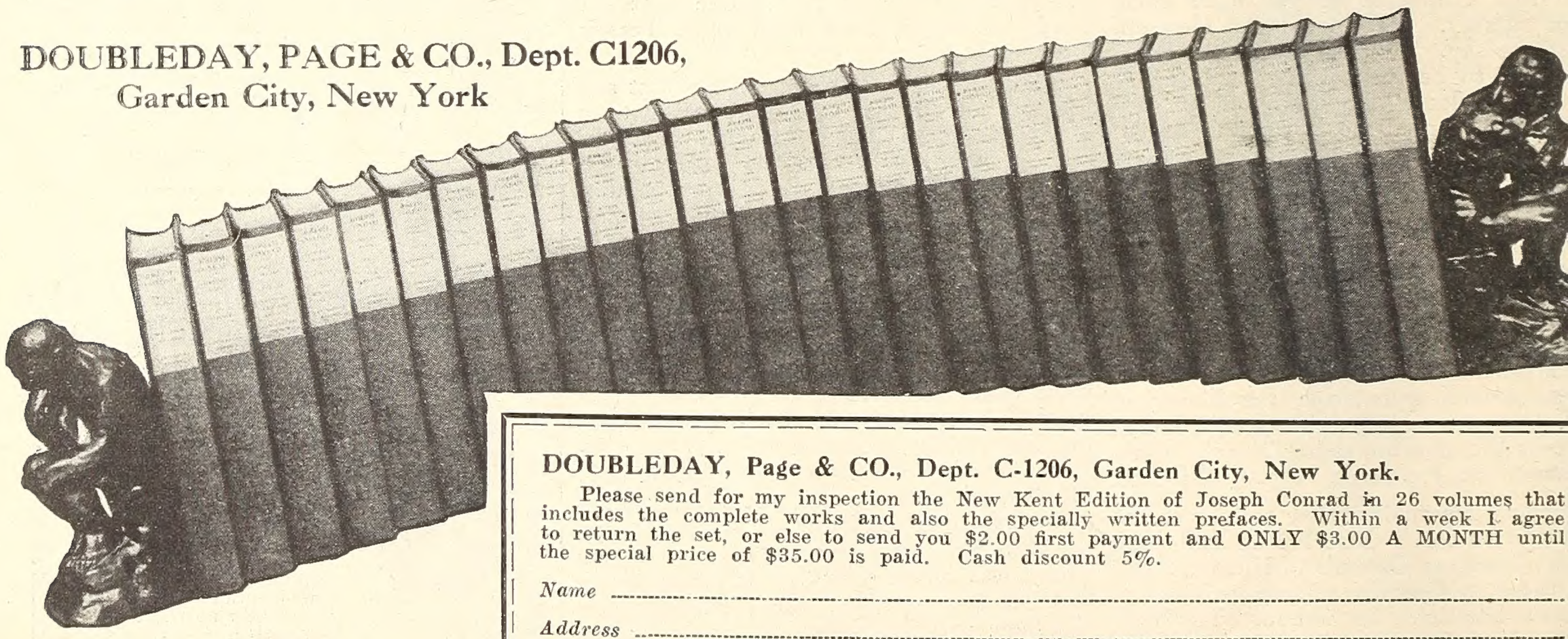

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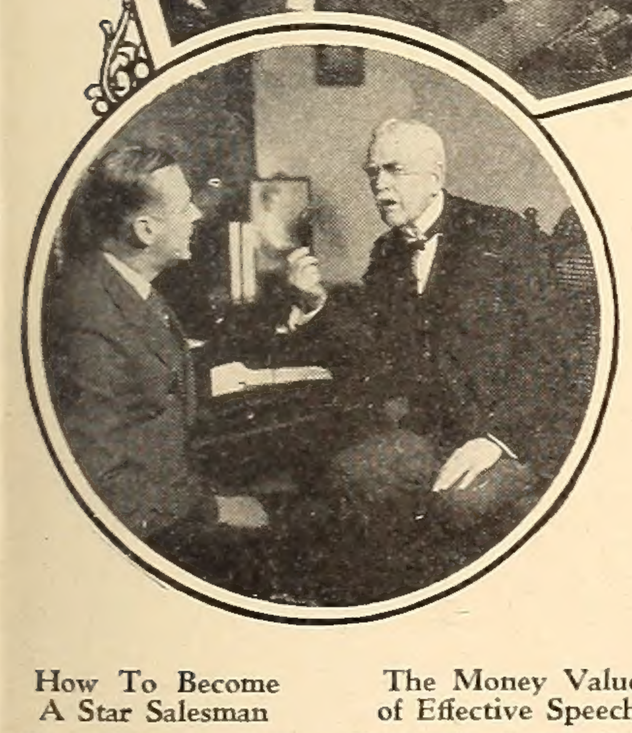

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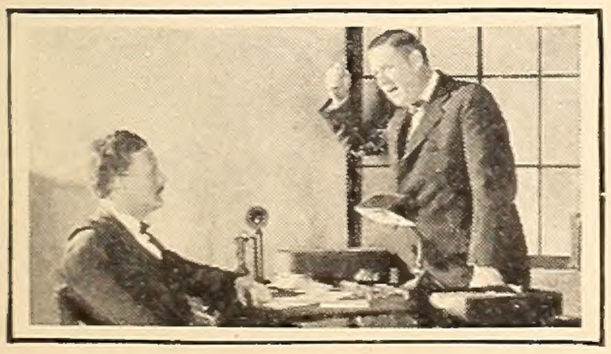

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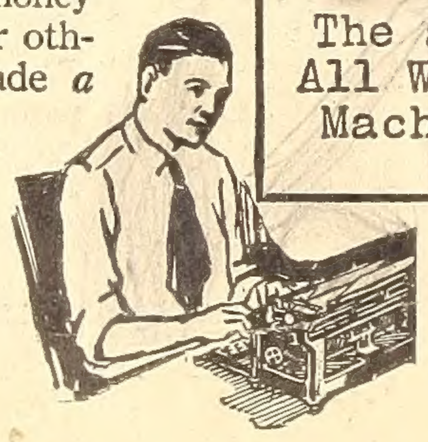

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